Frontispiece to Vol. 26.

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Serfojee Rajah 1817

Sixth of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 26.

1884

Rein Deer.

London,

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1805.

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OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR APRIL, 1805.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

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AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE cannot insert the Life of Buckhorse without previously seeing the conclusion of it; a copious account of him having appeared in a former Volume.

Several Poetical Pieces are come to hand, and shall be inserted without delay.

Some Instructions for the Shooting Class, in the manner of Gambado, are received, and will certainly appear next month. We shall always be glad to hear from this ingenious Correspondent on subjects of humour.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius Pinxit. Scott sculp.

Snipe Shooting.

Pub. May 1, 1806, by J Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1805.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

An Engraving.

BEING one of a series of Shooting Plates already mentioned, and which requires no other observation.

BERKELEY FOX-HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE just received your Magazine for March, and was much disappointed at not finding an account which I sent you of a capital run of the Berkeley hounds, from Croxley-green, on February 11th; but, supposing it never reached you, or that you may have mislaid it, I have troubled you with another copy, and an account of another run; the insertion of which will oblige your constant reader,

J. W. M.

ON February 11th the Berkeley hounds threw off at Croxley-green.—The hounds winding a fox before they got to covert, instantly dashed in and unkennelled him, and after running two hours, chiefly in covert, they lost: they then drew off for Oakingdale-bottom, where they soon unkennelled, and renard breaking covert, ran a ring of about three miles; but being hard pressed, he was obliged to break again, and leave his late peaceful abode, to face the open country, running to Sarrotts-green across the country for Lay-hill; but, leaving it to the right, he made for Lord George Cavendish's park, through the park for Amersham Common, when again leaving that to the right also, he skirted Pollards-wood, for Phillips-hill, where, being headed, he there turned to the right, and left Sir Henry Gott's park to the left: he then crossed the Aylesbury road for Chalfont St. Peter's, made for Lettuce-green and Sibletts-coverts; and from thence to Astings-wood. Here, being headed, he turned to the right, and ran through the furze fields behind the Kennel for Mumfords, when turning to the left, he went over the paling into the Duke of Portland's park, and crossing the park, the hounds caught view, ran in to him, and killed in the highest style imaginable, after a most severe chase of two hours and a half. They were supposed to have run upwards of thirty miles.

miles. When the hounds threw off, there were upwards of eighty sportsmen in the field, and the only ones in at the death were Tom Oldaker the huntsman, the Honourable Mr. William Capel, and Messrs. Way, Treacher, and Watson.

MORE OF THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

ON Monday, March 25th, they threw off at Ryslip, and unkennelled about eleven o'clock in Ryslip coppice, and, after running two rings, he broke covert, when it was found to be the same fox that led them such an excellent chase on the 9th of the same month, and who knowing the country that saved him that day too well to leave it, continued running rings, heading and doubling, until half past six o'clock; at which time the huntsman, being the only person in with the hounds, thought it prudent to halloo them off, after a most severe run of seven hours and a half, during which four horses fell victims to the severity of the chase, several others rendered unfit for hunting any more this season, and more tired ones were never known in one hunt; the huntsman alone tired three. However, the loss of this fox for the second time gave the huntsman a particular desire to kill him; and accordingly April 6th was appointed, when they threw off at Baryards, and unkennelled this celebrated depredator in Mad Bess Wood, about half past ten, and who soon breaking covert, ran into Ryslip coppice, where he ran two rings, and then went away, in his usual style, over the same country; and after a long run—though not equal to that on the 27th—of six hours and a half, at length they lost him in Moor-park for the third time, to the great disappointment of every one present. The scent lay very bad, or they certainly would have killed him. Most of the gentlemen were provided with an extra horse, and some more. This celebrated fox is but too well known by the neighbouring farmers, being as great an adept in the robbery of a hen-roost as in beating the hounds. He is a remarkable large one, and his brush is bare, excepting a small white tip. The fur on his body, which is thin, is nearly grey.

COLMAN'S NEW COMEDY.

WE present, by the following sketch, a selection of some of the good things of this play—of which an account will be found in page 47 of this Number—that the Public may be enabled more justly to appreciate its merits than by the hasty and imperfect hearing on the representation.

The subsequent scene takes place between Heartly and Hogmore, the former of whom endeavours to prevail on the latter to give something to the unfortunate villagers who had suffered by a fire:—

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Hogmore. Harkye, Mr. Heartly, I believe I have as much feeling as you—only I can't speechify. I pay the poor's rates punctually.

Heartly. That is rather a feeling of the legislature, which enacts, in order to give charity a jog when she happens to slumber.

Hogmore. I must take care of my family—while I live they shall never

never want meat, drink, nor physic. I never wrong'd a man a brass farthing in my life. I does the upright thing—I have finished your ale, and so good morning t'ye— [*Exit.*

Heartly. This man keeps his character as a bear moves a minuet, and is an upright beast of much decorum—*(a laugh.)*

Enter Solomon Gundy, *with a board under his arm.*

Well, Solomon, what news from the village?

Solomon. Oh, the *conflagellation* has been *pertinacious*—all ruin and rubbish—several are dead—

Heartly. Dead!

Solomon. Yes—Dead as *Malbrooke*—They are *more*, as the French say, which in English means, they are *no more*, and so peace to their *remainders*—*(a loud laugh.)*

Heartly. Poor fellows!

Solomon. Yes—they are a parcel of poor *indigeneous pheasants*—*(a loud laugh.)*

Heartly. How have you escaped, Solomon?

Solomon. I have saved nothing but my board—here it is—"Rats and Gentlemen catched and waited upon by Solomon Gundy."

Heartly. You are a clever fellow, Solomon.

Solomon. Oh, yes! Do you know that at fourteen years old I could read.

Heartly. Is it possible?

Solomon. 'Tis truth, upon my *patrole.* There was always about me a mighty *jenny say coy*—je ne sais quoi—as we say at Dunkirk.

Heartly. Was there any farther misfortune at the village?

Solomon. Oh, yes! there was fat Mrs. Doubleton, who, while coming down the ladder into the yard, in her husband's short frock, was so peck'd at by the turkeycock, that she cannot *asseyez vous* for a fortnight—*(a laugh.)* We have had hard work—we laboured like so many *gallipot* slaves—*(a laugh.)*

Heartly. Well, I shall try what can be done for your relief.

Solomon. Your *amour propre*, as we say at Dunkirk: for your neighbours has always been *parsimonious*, and the *malevolence* of your heart is notorious. But a gentleman has been thrown into the horse-pond, at the Spread Eagle, from his carriage.

Heartly. This must be Torrent. Is he safe?

Solomon. Oh—very safe.—He gave me a letter for you, and a guinea.—I said he was an angel.—He told me to run like a devil—so I did, and here are the *contentions*—*(presenting the letter.)*

Heartly, (after reading the letter.) I must go to him immediately.

Solomon. Speak a good word for me, your honour?

Heartly. I shall remember.

Solomon. Thank you, Sir. I am *graceful.* If this fire should *burn me* into a good place, it would be as pretty a *feu-de-joye* of *misfortune* as could possibly happen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Torrent, *and* Amy, *the daughter of the Landlord of the Spread Eagle, talk of the Fire.*

Amy. Little did I think, when I went to bed last night, that *ruination* was just a-coming!

Torrent, (laughing.) Ay—when giddy young girls like you go to bed, ruination comes when they least expect it. I am glad of this fire—the village shall rise again, like a *phœnix* from a *crow's nest.*

Torrent

TORRENT *calls for a Newspaper, and while he sits reading it,* BARFORD (DELAMERE) *enters with a bundle.*

Barford, (throwing his bundle on the table.) Rest there, my whole property—rest there.

Torrent. And who the d—l are you with your whole property in that bundle?

Barford. By what right do you inquire?

Torrent. By the same right that lugged me out of the horse-pond—the right of flying to the relief of those in misfortune——*(applause.)*

Barford. Sir, you are officious and intrusive.

Torrent. It was perhaps something intrusive to burst into my room without knocking at the door.

Barford. This is the parlour of a village inn, where all are huddled together, like mankind in the world—where people meet against their will, and part no very good friends—as we may do.

Torrent. I think we seem to bid fair for it—*(a laugh)*—for I detest misanthropy.

Barford. It is the opium to our affections.

Torrent. You have dealt with a d—d bad apothecary—Hatred to mankind is the d—l's own *laudanum*, and when any one wishes to swallow it, he sends one of his *imps* to shake the bottle—*(a loud laugh and applause.)*—But then there's *love* and *friendship*.

Barford. Love and friendship are the fading roses of life—but he who rejects the *rose* escapes many a *thorn*.

Torrent. I think you should lose your legs.

Barford. Why so?

Torrent. They are one of the fading blessings of life; but then you may have the *gout*, and by throwing away your legs, you may escape many a *twinge*—*(a roar of laughter.)* There are rascals to be sure, but I love all mankind—kings, lords, commons, dutchesses, dairy maids, Indian chiefs, washer-women, &c. &c. Whatever you may think, damme, but I believe there may even be *honest attornies!*

Barford. You *have* been fortunate.

Torrent. I have not suffered the milk of human kindness to curdle.

Barford. You had no *acid* in it.

Torrent. Plenty—who has not?—but when you were sent to nurse, damme, but I think you *sucked a lemon*—*(a roar of laughter.)*

Barford. Sir, your impulses apparently proceed from benevolence—but your impetuosity will render you an offence to the sensitive, and a dupe to the designing—pardon me— [*Exit.*

Torrent. That advice comes too late for me. I'm like an *old radish*, whenever you draw me out I am sure to be *hot*.

ACT II.

ANDREW BANG, LORD ALAMODE'S *Gamekeeper, is discovered sleeping in a chair*—SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH *rings the bell violently without.*

Sir Larry, (entering with a piece of the bell-rope broken.)—What—is there nobody in this house?—If they *don't hear* at all, why don't they *say so? (Discovering the Gamekeeper.)* Oh, by the powers, here's a nose—I'll pull that. *(Goes up and tweaks his nose violently.)*—My compliments of the sleeping *sason* to you.—Where's Mr. Carrydot, the steward?

Bang. Gone out to take a morning ride.

Sir

Sir Larry. Upon *business*, I suppose.

Bang. No—upon *Dobbin.*

Sir Larry. Ha! ha!—But go and discharge these post-boys—They went as slow as *flies* upon *treacle.*—If they had driven fast I would have given them *half-a-crown* a piece; but as it is, there's only a *seven shilling piece* between them.

Bang. I'cod—an' they had stood still, he'd a gi'en them *half-a-guinea!*

Sir Larry. But what are you in this family?

Bang. I'm the gamekeeper.

Sir Larry. We shall have at the partridges, Mr. Bang.

Bang. Are you a good shot, Sir?

Sir Larry. I am an Irishman, you devil—I shoot very well with a single ball.

Bang. Shoot partridges with a single ball!! Egad, you shoot *with a long bow*, or I'm mistaken.

[*Exit.*

Enter CARRYDOT.

Sir Larry. Are you Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. Sorry I was not at home when you arrived.

Sir Larry. Cast your *spectacles* over that, my old boy.—*(Presents a letter.)*

(CARRYDOT *reads the letter, in which* ALAMODE *states that* SIR LARRY *is to use his house for some time, and advises* CARRYDOT *to be discreet if the Baronet should put him in his confidence.)*

Carrydot. You are Sir Larry Macmurragh, of Bally—Bally—Bally—macren.

Sir Larry. That's the name of my estate.

Carrydot. I can't get through that name.

Sir Larry. I found it very *aisy* to get through *the estate.* In short, to let you into my confidence, before you can throw *sixes*, I am *dish'd.*

Carrydot. Dish'd!—What's that?

Sir Larry. Oh, I am a plaguy hand at derivations, but the learned are agreed that *dishing* comes from *dashing.*

Carrydot. I am still in the dark.

Sir Larry. By St. Patrick, its the clearest thing in the world—it means in the city *a duck*, and in the west end of the town, *a pigeon.* It is all very aisy—you have only to bet high—subscribe to the clubs—keep a stud—keep a dolly—

Carrydot. A dolly! What's that?

Sir Larry. Only *a moveable* in a man's house, my dear, generally of very little use to *the owner.*

Carrydot. I am afraid you have been duped, Sir.

Sir Larry. Sir Larry Macmurragh duped!—no—it was done in the handsomest manner in the world, just at five in the morning, by my dear friend *Lord Alamode.* I had a run of ill luck, and grew desperate—Will you bet £10,000 against the remainder of my estate? said I—With all my heart, said he—Seven's the main, said I—Its mine, said he—Well, d—n the luck, said I—you have made a beggar of me, like a man of honour as you are, at one *stroke.*

Carrydot. A stroke of thunder, I should suppose.

Sir Larry. It was more like *an earthquake*—for it *swallowed* my estate.

Carrydot. I hope, by economy, you may save a wreck out of your fortune.

Sir Larry. I am the most economical man in the world—there's a particular account of my expences for the year 1805—*(presenting a small pocket-book.)*

Carrydot, (reading.)——"To sweeping the crossing in Bond-street,

street, 1s."—This is being very particular indeed, Sir.

Sir Larry. To be sure; I always loved method and particularity.

Carrydot, (reading.)——" To sundries, £7000!!" This is not so particular, Sir Larry!

Sir Larry. Oh! I was busy that day, and I *lump* my expences when I'm busy.

Carrydot, (reading.)—" To a collar for *Lady*, 10s. 6d."

Sir Larry. A female that belonged to me—of Dutch extraction—a pug, Sir—that's cheap.

Carrydot, (reading.)—" To a necklace for Eliza, £900."

Sir Larry. That's not so cheap.

Carrydot. 'Tis monstrous!—who was Eliza?

Sir Larry. Another female that ran about the house—but they both left me one day, and I put an advertisement in the newspapers—" Whoever will bring the *lady* without the *collar*, or the *necklace* without the *lady*, shall be handsomely rewarded."

Carrydot, (reading.)—" Lost to my best friend—all I have in the world."

Sir Larry. So ends my accounts for 1805.

ACT III.

The equivoque *between* Torrent *and* Oldskirt *is somewhat curious. The former takes the latter for a surveyor come to improve his grounds; while* Oldskirt *comes, in fact, to see* Fanny *the young housekeeper settled in her place.*

Oldskirt. Well, I hope you think I don't come on bad grounds.

Torrent. Oh, you must be a much better judge of the grounds than I am.

Oldskirt. I must say I am very well pleased with your *manner*, Sir.

Torrent. Why the *manor* is very good; and as to the prospects, we shall set our heads together to mend them.

Oldskirt. That must be as the master pleases.

Torrent. You mean the expence—I don't value money.

Oldskirt. Money, to be sure, is an object in its place, but the principal thing with me is good treatment.

Torrent. Oh yes.—Let nature never be forgot—but *she* must not be subjected to too much labour.

Oldskirt. No! no!—*She is very delicate*.

Torrent. Who?—Oh!—*Nature*—" we'll treat the Goddess"—

Oldskirt. Goddess!

Torrent. Like a modest fair, " not overdressed"—

Oldsk. That would be ridiculous.

Tor. " And yet not wholly *bare*."

Oldskirt. Bare! Dam'me, if I sit and listen to such a thing.

There are also several instances of excellent humour in the fourth and fifth acts, though they are not, in this respect, equal to the three from which the above extracts are given.

MANCHESTER COCKING.

THE long main of cocks fought between the Gentlemen of Lancashire, Gilliver feeder; and the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, Smethers feeder. The fighting was as follows:

	Gilliver.		Smethels.	
	M.	B.	M.	B.
Monday, ...	8	2	1	0
Tuesday, ...	6	2	3	2
Wednesday, ..	6	2	4	2
Thursday, ..	7	1	3	2
	27	7	11	6

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTING.

MR. James Settle, we are informed, of the Bowling-green-house, Chapeltown, near Leeds, has at this time in his possession four as fine colts as, perhaps, can be seen either in Yorkshire, or any other part of Great Britain, viz. a four, three, two, and a one year old; and what is very remarkable, they are all of a fine chesnut colour, two and two alike; the two first without any white, the two younger ones with each a bright star in the forehead, and a far hind leg white up to the fetlock joint; all out of the same mare which is three fourths blood, and again in foal, and all got by young Diomed, son of Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, whose celebrity as a stallion is well known in this part of the country. They are well deserving the attention of any nobleman or gentleman wishing to have a fine set for a carriage, being all handsome, strong, and boney, with the finest temper, shape, and action.

Mr. Settle may challenge all England against the same number of colts out of any one mare, and got by one stallion, in four successive years, for any sum not exceeding one hundred guineas.

MR. CALEB PAYNE, a sporting gentleman of Dublin, has published an open challenge to run a horse, twenty couple of fox hounds, or fight a main of cocks, for a thousand guineas, with any gentleman in Ireland.

MR. MULLINS, an eminent hair-dresser, undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk from his house in Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, to Woolwich in Kent (a distance of twelve miles), in two hours, which he performed with apparent ease in seven minutes less than the time allowed him.

THE fashionable game in all the great card parties, at the present period, is four-handed cribbage. Whist, as it declines in the west, rises with increase of splendour in the east. We are told of a city club where the parties play for ten pounds a game, and bet guineas on the odd trick. We have also been informed of another chosen few, on the city side of Temple-bar, who lately played at whist from Wednesday afternoon till Friday night, and only left off then, because two of the party were unfortunately Jews.

INDISCREET SPORTSMAN.

A RURAL ANECDOTE.

HAVING been invited, for some time, by an old friend of mine, to spend a week with him at his villa, about twenty miles from London, upon the marriage of his only daughter, I was particularly pressed to make my appearance there on the 5th of last month, in order to partake of the nuptial festivities. After a very pleasant journey, I arrived at my friend's elegant habitation, was received in the most hearty manner, and found, what is called, good company. The bridegroom was a tall well-made young fellow, with a regular set of features, and a ruddy complexion: in a few words, he was, in the opinion of most people, a handsome man. He was also much inclined to that sort of mirth which is occasioned by lively strokes of bodily wit,

wit, and appeared to be far better pleased with a spank on the back, or a slap on the knee, than he would have been with the most refined sentiment or the most acute observation. He was almost always in a broad grin, by which he certainly discovered two rows of fine teeth, though he did not discover any marks of a brilliant understanding. However, the natural cheerfulness of his disposition had procured him the appellation of a good humoured mortal; and it was the deceptive appearance of that disposition which had greatly contributed to obtain my friend's consent to an union with his daughter.

This facetious gentleman made me often recollect, while he was very liberal of his corporal jokes, the following lines of Pope, in his description of an animal of the same line:

> "His laughs are hearty, though his jests
> "are coarse;
> "He loves you best of all things—but
> "his horse."

His boisterous behaviour was, in truth, by no means suitable to the mild temper of the too susceptible Harriet, who sufficiently convinced me, that she had not sacrificed her happiness at the shrine of filial affection, but that she had given her hand and heart together. On the Monday after my arrival, I missed my bridegroom at the breakfast-table; and, in answer to my inquiries after him, was told by his lady, that she believed he was gone out with his gun, as he had taken her father's dog with him. His return was every hour expected with additional impatience; and it was easily discernible, that the new-married lady was hurt by his absence so soon after the bridal day.

The dusk of the evening brought the wanderer home, and his fond wife flew to meet him.

"Where have you been all day?" said she, while her beautiful eyes more gently reproved him than her words.

"Here is my excuse," cried he, pulling a partridge out of his pocket, and tossing it with a gross familiarity into her bosom.

The surprise, and the touch of the bleeding bird, which tinged the before unsullied whiteness of her neck, were too much for her spirits: she screamed and fainted, and it was with much difficulty that she was brought out of her fit. Unhappily she fell immediately into another, and is now in a state of insanity, from which she will never, I fear, be recovered.

This narrative is a fact. The extreme sensibility of the lady may be reckoned a weakness; yet what can be urged to apologize for the conduct of her unthinking (at least) and, indisputably, unfeeling husband! By every husband, especially if he is of a similar turn, as a sportsman, his behaviour should be attentively considered.

DASHING VICISSITUDES.

SOME few years since, a very agreeable and well-educated young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of small independence in a country town, not more than thirty miles from the metropolis, paid a visit, with her father's consent, to her uncle, a clergyman, then residing at a genteel villa near London. Under the wing of protection so truly respectable, she made her appearance at the assembly of that place, and most unfortunately attracted the attention of a gentleman,

a gentleman, whose affection was too rapid and predominant to admit of expostulation or delay. Overtures were instantly communicated to the lady; applications were made to the uncle, and proposals despatched to the father. The solicitant stood in the city as a factor of good character, and much commercial promise; under which flattering prospect, the matrimonial ceremony soon took place. "A consummation so devoutly wished," was soon followed by a coach, as a matter of family comfort; and, lastly, as a collateral consideration, a country house, which, with a young and improving family, were supposed to have constituted the very zenith of happiness in this life. In the midst of all, as it were by a pantomimic stroke, or an electrical shock, the coach vanished, the country house was forsaken—bankruptcy ensued—within a few weeks death followed, and without a sufficiency to lay the corpse in the grave: in which dreadful dilemma the widow, with four small children, had no door open to her but that of her aged and affectionate parents, to whom she lately returned: but the sudden shock from a seeming summit of permanent prosperity, to the certain abyss of dreary adversity, so affected the mother, that in a few hours she took to her bed, from whence she no more arose, till death had closed her scene of affliction; and the father's state at this moment, is but little better than mental derangement.

In some degree of coincidence, but not in direct uniformity with the preceding, it may be recorded, that at nearly, or about the same period, a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman who then was, and now is, at the highest possible professional celebrity, was, with the consent of all parties, united to a young tradesman, at the west end of the town, whose prospects promised every thing that could be wished: but the happy knot was no sooner tied, than prudence was immediately superseded by pleasure: visiting abroad, receiving company at home, operas and plays in the winter—Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and watering places in the summer, with an increasing family, had, when four children were produced, exalted the father to a place in the Gazette, after a computed annihilation of five or six thousand pounds. The father of the lady, one of the most worthy men existing, who never held the parental beam "with an iron hand," and who, with the spirit of true philanthropy, could "forget and forgive," wishing to rescue them from impending poverty, took home husband and wife to his own residence, fit for a prince, with their four children, intending to initiate his son-in-law in his own business, and to bring him into partnership, that he might progressively become his successor to a most profitable and long established concern: but, too indolent for industry, and too versatile for punctuality, he soon eloped; the daughter, after some time treading "upon the light fantastic toe," has done the same. The former is a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and the latter is absolutely cohabiting, in the character of a lady of pleasure, with one of the clerks of a public office; the four children being deserted by both father and mother, and left upon the hands of the grandfather, who has thus, though advanced in years, a second family to bring up.

NEW PUBLICATION.

(*Continued from page 286 of our Magazine for February.*)

A GENERAL Treatise on Cattle, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine: Comprehending their breeding, Management, Improvement, and Diseases.—Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Somerville.—By J. Lawrence, Author of "The New Farmer's Calendar, Modern Land Steward," &c. Symonds.

On winter exposure, at page 117, by which such multitudes of cattle and sheep perish annually in the northern parts of this island, and are totally lost to the country, our author remarks as follows:

"In fine, I apprehend the following propositions stand sufficiently clear——First, That all countries which will maintain a stock of cattle during the summer season, will also afford a sufficiency of some kinds of food for their winter sustenance. Secondly, That it is the interest of the feeder to provide such winter sustenance. Lastly, That, on the question of going to the utmost extent of number, the balance of profit would rest with superior quality and the smaller number of animals sufficiently winter fed."

On the great question of ox labour, Mr. L. has brought forward the well-known statement of Mr. Culley, in favour of horses, which seems to be totally overthrown by Mr. Lawrence, who disproves their data from facts and actual practice, stating that neither eight nor six oxen are required to do the labour of two horses; and denying the position that oxen are unable to work more than half the day. This appears to be written with as much force as any part of the work.

The detail of the progress of the fine wool improvement in different countries, is very elaborate and circumstantial, and, in our ideas, entirely satisfactory: for, in respect to our own country, whereas formerly we were obliged to import our fine wools for broad cloth from Spain, the improvers have now enabled us to grow those wools at home. At the head of these improvers and benefactors of their country, stands his Majesty, who really first introduced the Spanish sheep; and of whose royal exertions as a farmer and improver, this author speaks with a marked and loyal respect. In point of quantity of wool, also, this cross with the Spanish ram on our short-woolled sheep, has turned out a matter of immense consequence; the first cross, in many instances, producing nearly a double fleece, and more than double the usual price, both to the surprise and emolument of the farmer.

The work is not destitute of that cheerfulness and humour generally to be found in Mr. Lawrence's writings. Various anecdotes are given, some of a ludicrous, others of a serious cast. We transcribe the following on fat meat, for the benefit of such of our readers as are desireous of becoming kitchen economists —"A mistress some time since succeeding to a large boarding school, told the cook it was her determination not to allow the perquisite of kitchen-stuff, but a certain sum in lieu of it, at the same time demanding what the annual amount might be. Mrs. Cook answered very reluctantly, about five or six pounds, she believed. Well, then, said the mistress, I shall allow you seven guineas." The kitchen-stuff was sold for thirty-five guineas the first year. Several other tales of this description, but of far more general consequence, might be extracted, where-

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in those who ought to receive most benefit from the intelligence, would, no boubt most justly blame us for interrupting their repose—p. 515. The anecdote of Dr. Rock is curious, and we have reason to believe is founded on fact.

With the rest of our author's agricultural and veterinary writings, we desire particularly to recommend to farmers in general, and those who are about to become farmers, this Treatise on Cattle, as a work abounding in various and solid information, the ability to afford which could no otherwise have arisen than from the practical attention of many years.

FASHIONABLE FEMALE EDUCATION.

To Ralph Rustic, Esq.

SIR,

SEND your daughter to London by all means. 'Tis the advice of a friend: we'll soon make a fine lady of her. Shrewsbury! never talk of that, my dear fellow, unless you design your daughter for a dormouse or a housewife everlastingly. 'Tis in London alone that she can learn to do any thing like other people.

You wish to know the particulars of a fashionable education—as if it were possible to enumerate the thousand inexpressibles to be picked up in good company! A woman of fashion can't toss her fan, or kiss her lap-dog, but you know at once that she has moved in the circle.—But, good Mr. Rustic, as it would be downright Arabic to describe the fine polish to you, who never saw any thing of the kind, I shall mention, for your instruction, a few of the substantials of a lady's education; but you must always recollect, that without the finishing polish here, they are nothing better than the unpurified ores of your Welsh mines.

As long as your daughter is not fit to appear in public, she may learn talents. This is a most essential part of modern education, and renders the ladies of the present day quite superior to their grandmothers, who, God help them, often thought they made a pretty decent figure without talents. But I forget you are a country squire, and don't know our language. You perhaps understand talents to mean the mental parts which nature and art has given us. No such thing—at our end of the town, when a lady is said to have talents, it strictly means that she understands music and drawing; particularly the former, at which our young ladies of fashion—and I am told those of no fashion follow the example—spend the first fifteen years of their life at least. I don't mean this to the exclusion of the dancing master, and a little forming to life, which must be begun several years before the young lady can appear in the world.

I know my aunt, Lady Bab, affirms, that a young lady should at this time acquire a taste for reading; but Lady Bab, between ourselves, is confoundedly plain, and has not had a single civil thing said to her since her *début*. I never knew any good come of reading. No creature, you know, with the least pretensions to good company, would touch any thing of the book kind, but the last new novel; and it is but two weeks since Diana T——, after reading Delphine* all night, set off in a post chaise, with her dear friend Julia's husband, next morning.

* A meretricious novel, translated from the French.

But

But it is after coming into the world, that the superiority of a town education is most conspicuous.—About twenty, your country nymphs begin to look strangers in the face, to talk without stammering, and almost to ask a question without a blush. They know how to manage the economy of a family, are adepts in needle work, thrum a little on the piano, criticise the parson's sermons, and ten to one can discuss you the merits of that old quiz the Spectator. But as for any knowledge of life, any *connoisance du monde*, the exclusive glory of the capital—egad you would swear they had been bred among the wild men of Labrador. There is no talking a syllable to them, for they do not know a single thing that is going forward in the world.

It is but last summer that I was down to Somerset, on a visit to an old friend of my father's; when happening to entertain his daughters with an account of the fashionable affair between Captain C—— and the rich Sir Barnaby's lady, the creatures held down their heads like bulrushes! Luckily for their relief—and mine too, you may believe—the post-boy brought the newspaper, and I fell immediately to read a list of the company at the Marchioness's Sunday routs. I had just finished the catalogue, and was proceeding to one of the nicest crim. con's that has appeared for a long while, when the old gentleman coming into the room at that very moment, civilly snatched the paper out of my hand, and carried it to his closet, where I believe it still lies in durance. At supper I met with no better success; for upon hinting at mother Windsor's choice new collection, the ladies abruptly left the room; and the old fellow observed to me with a simper, that the presence of ladies was an irksome restraint, after gentlemen had got their wine.

You will now perceive, Mr. Rustic, that one chief thing which a lady learns in a town education, is to unlearn her country prejudices. A lady of fashion never blushes, nor is out. She talks of affairs, attachments, arrangements, crim. con's, with the same genteel *sans froid* as of any other common occurrences of life. In short, complete ease on all occasions is her distinguished characteristic. If a whole circle of beaux pour in at once a full broadside of compliments, she will receive them all with the most gallant intrepidity; and coolly keep them all in play by a running fire of the most approved repartee. She never puts one out by looking grave at a *double entendre*, nor breaks a party by telling us that her mamma disapproves of playing at cards on Sunday. In short, Sir, a thorough bred London lady—like Lance's dog, in the play—"takes upon her to be a lady indeed; to be, as it were, a lady at all things."

Now, Mr. Rustic, as I have not the least doubt that, after reading this description, you will instantly set off for London with your daughter, I shall be glad to see you in Sackville-street; and as I have a particular regard for every thing in the shape of a female, I shall be glad to offer my services as soon as the young lady is fit to appear in the world. Your's, till then,

TOM TOWNLY.

CAPTURE OF A GROUND SHARK.

A LETTER from Calcutta, dated May the 20th, says—"On Friday morning, a culprit of a novel description was brought for inspection

spection to the police office, amidst the concourse and acclamations of an immense populace. The natives termed it a "Hunger;" or, as we might call it, "A Hungry Ground Shark;" which had, on the preceding day, seized a man while he was performing his ablutions at Pulta Ghaut, one of the most central Ghats in Calcutta, and tore off the flesh from the thigh down to the knee, leaving the bone almost bare.—At the time the accident happened, the Ghaut was thronged with natives of both sexes, men, women, and children. The cries of the man, and the miserable figure he appeared to be in, struck such a panic into all that were bathing, that every one got out of the water as fast as they could. At first it was supposed that the animal might have been a Comeer, or alligator; but the fish was shortly after seen swiming in different directions about the place, and his rudder and large phins appearing occasionally above water, plainly denoted him to be a shark. As it was probable the fish might repeat his visit, or continue in the line of shallow water in the adjacent Ghauts, as soon as the accident was reported at the police office, a reward was offered for catching him, and full compensation for all the damages that might be done to the nets laid to entrap him. Several fishermen, who were then about to place their nets for mangoe-fish, lured by the terms that were held out, proceeded on the business, and arranged their nets with so much address, that about four o'clock on Saturday morning a shark, supposed to be the same, was caught at a short distance from the Ghaut where he had seized his prey the preceding day; but not without a very severe conflict, during which he broke through two strong nets: but his strength being exhausted, he became entangled in the third. The fish measured six feet in length, and its circumference, just under the fins, was thirty-six inches; the mouth, when distended, was capable of receiving a large object; the teeth were thickly set, and very sharp.

The unfortunate native, notwithstanding the first European medical assistance was quickly afforded him, lingered until Sunday morning, and died at twelve o'clock.

SINGULAR NOTICE.

THE following is taken from the Worcester Post-Rider—America—"George Washington Webb, Post-Rider from Worcester to Northampton, solicits the serious and candid attention of each of his customers, who are indebted to him for more than one quarter's newspapers, to that portion of scripture, which may be found recorded in the latter clause of the 28th verse of the 18th chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew—"Pay me what thou owest."

"In discoursing from these words, it is the intention of the preacher to make no division of his matter—to have nothing to do with notes, except bank notes—and to treat the subject neither logically, nor metaphysically, nor scripturally, nor religiously, nor morally, nor physically, but peremptorily! As he has had a mortal aversion to long-winded people, ever since he began to collect newspaper accounts, he will be as brief as a lawyer's summons, and, leaving his text to explain itself, come directly to the improvement.

"Beloved brethren! hearken unto me, and attend to the words of

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my mouth! Pay the Post-Rider quickly, when thou art in arrear with him—lest at any time the Post-Rider deliver thy account to the attorney, and the attorney bring thee before the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison! Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the utmost farthing."

PROSECUTION ON THE BLACK ACT.

York Spring Assizes, 1805.

FEARNLEY *v.* GOMERSALL.

THE prosecutor is the youngest son of Mr. Benjamin Fearnley, who was bred to, and many years pursued, the profession of an attorney, and now resides at Oakwell Hall, in the township of Gomersall, as tenant to Henry Barker, Esq. who is lord of the manor of Oakwell, Gomersall, and Heckmondwike. The prosecutor himself, Benjamin Fearnley, jun. was also bred to the same profession.

The defendant resides at Gomersall, at the distance of half a mile from Oakwell Hall, fully qualified to kill game, to do which he takes out an annual licence.

For the purpose of understanding the sequel of the case, it will be necessary to premise, that there are near to Mr. Fearnley's house, four pretty considerable woods; the first of them, of which the defendant is occupier, belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge; the second of them, and also one of the two last, to Mr. Barker; and the remaining one to Mr. Walker, who is brother-in-law to the defendant.

The Well Springs, and the Asker Wood, are only separated by a small rivulet, on each side of which the ground is considerably elevated; and the two far woods by a hedge. It is necessary also to state, that the families of the Fearnleys and Gomersalls have been upon bad terms for some years.

About three years ago, the prisoner obtained a deputation from Mr. Barker, as gamekeeper of the manor, since which period the prosecutor has been in constant habits of following Mr. Gomersall whenever he went a-shooting in the neighbourhood of Oakwell.

The only witness called on the part of the prosecution, was the prosecutor himself, who swore, that he was gamekeeper of the manor of Oakwell, under Mr. Barker: that, on the 7th of March inst. he went into Asker Wood, which is about 250 yards from his father's house; it was then about four o'clock: that he then saw the prisoner, who knew that he was gamekeeper: that he first saw the prisoner's dogs running a hare, but he stopt them. In about two minutes time he saw the prisoner, and he said to him, "I think this is not the time for shooting hares?" to which the prisoner replied, "I shall shoot what and where I like, for you, puppy." The witness said, "I had said nothing to him but what I have said." In answer to the prisoner's observation, I said, "then you are what I call a complete block." He then seized me by the collar, and tore my shirt, threw me on my back, and kicked me twice while I was down. I then called out for help, but nobody came: if any body had been near, they must have heard me; the place is retired. After the prisoner had kicked me, he went away, and I followed on a walk

walk which leads through the wood. I followed him a few yards, and he turned round, put the gun to his shoulder, and pointed to me, and said "he would shoot me." He was then distant about five or six yards, but whether the gun had been previously cocked, and he was pulling it down, or he pulled the trigger, I cannot tell. I heard the spring of the lock go. The prisoner then took the gun down; he then went a little farther, and I followed. He again turned about, and struck at my head, and knocked my hat off with the muzzle of the gun. I then took my hat up, and put it on again. He then wished me to strike him, and I said I would not be provoked to strike him. The prisoner then said, "If you will not, you are a gentleman with your a—e kicked; I have quietened thy father before thee, and I will quieten thee too." We then parted. I stopped a little time, and watched him go down the wood for about 50 yards, when I lost sight of him. I then made a noise to prevent his dogs from hunting; I made a loud noise; upon my doing that, the prisoner discharged the gun, and the shot came about me: I knew so by the noise it made; some of it came about two yards on one side, and some about two yards above me, amongst the boughs of of the trees. This was immediately upon my making the noise. I then went down by the side of the walk in the wood. I did not see the prisoner when the gun was fired; but I saw him in about three or four minutes afterwards, and I saw no one besides.

Upon being cross-examined by Mr. Raine, he said he had no ill-will to the prisoner, and never had any dispute with him, except what happened between them in the woods when they met there. When the Birstal and Batley volunteers were raised, he heard he was elected a lieutenant, and the prisoner elected captain. That he did not indulge a hope that he was to be a captain; he was in the corps before the officers were elected, but retired upon the prisoner's being elected captain, because he did not like to serve under him. The witness said, he knew that the prisoner occupies a wood belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, and that he has liberty of shooting in one of the two far woods; that he knew it was cock shooting time. He said he would not swear that the hare was put up in Asker Wood, but swore positively that the prisoner was in Asker Wood when the gun was fired, and not in the Springs, and that he could not see the prisoner at all*. From the rivulet which divides the two woods, to the place where he was when the prisoner fired, is about 100 yards, and the prisoner, when he and the prisoner parted, was going to the rivulet. He would not swear that the prisoner did not kill a cock when the gun was fired. The prosecutor said, that no shot touched him; that he had no other reason for believing that the piece was levelled at his head, than that the shot rattled in the trees about him;

* Here the Judge observed, that it was unnecessarily occupying the attention of the Court, if the prosecutor had no better case, and therefore wished it in that stage to go to the Jury; but Mr. Raine replied, that he wished to get from the prosecutor other facts, to form a ground for proceeding against him in another way.

him; that he never applied to a magistrate for redress, but he came to York, preferred an indictment, and obtained a Bench Warrant for his apprehension: he acknowledged himself to be a *Sprig of the Law*, but not in practice: he said he thought it best to get a Bench Warrant: he did not think that a magistrate would have dismissed the case; adding, "I wished to get him into custody, and thought it the best way of doing it:" that he meant to prefer two charges against him, the one for an assault, the other for a capital offence. Upon being asked who was his attorney, he replied it was his brother; and that he advised him to proceed in the manner which he had done, and to bring the capital charge: he said his father had not advised him to it, or told him the nature of the charge he was to bring, but told him to go to York. The prosecutor, after a good deal of hesitation, at last acknowledged, he remembered Mr. Gomersall's pulling up a gate, believing he had a right to make a road, and that there was a law-suit about it: that the families had not visited for some years: that he did not think of preferring the capital charge until he had consulted his father and brother. Upon being asked by Mr. Raine, whether there were any other words than those he had already stated to have passed at the time the prisoner and he met, he replied, "he called me a puppy," and I called him "a mongrel:" he was then abusing me about my dress, and I asked him "what sort of a gentleman he was with his blue fingers," (the prisoner is by trade a dyer); he persisted that he did not mean that expression as a taunt, but as a compliment, if the prisoner chose to take it. Upon being asked if he was afraid at the time the prisoner kicked him, he said he was. Upon being again asked, what could induce him to follow the prisoner if he was afraid? he said, "I followed him, because I was afraid he would do me some mischief."

The judge now the second time wished the case to go to the jury, saying, that Mr. Raine had obtained all necessary facts to enable the prisoner to seek for the redress which he alluded to. He then addressed the jury by saying, that the present prosecution was certainly a most groundless and malicious one; that the attorney who advised it was very blameable in so doing, especially in the case of his own brother, and that they must acquit the prisoner, which they instantly did; and upon Mr. Raine's putting up his brief, he said, that in the whole course of his practice he had never before met with a case so malicious and infamous as the present.

Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Topping, Mr. Holroyd: for the prisoner, Mr. Raine, Mr. Scarlet. Attorney, Mr. Carr, Birstal.

After the above trial, the following letter was published, dated Gomersall, March 27, 1805.—"To the Editor of the York Herald.—Sir, —As I was not called on upon the trial of a criminal prosecution which took place against me at the last assize, to make any defence thereto, and consequently had no opportunity of personally vindicating my character from the foul charge imputed to me, I now transmit to you, for the perusal of a discerning public, my own exculpatory affidavit.

"As my acquittal took place on the prosecutor's own evidence only, and as the matter would have been dismissed

dismissed at a still earlier stage of the business, had it not been protracted by my own counsel, for the purpose of affording me, in the exposure of so groundless a charge, some redress for this frivolous and vexatious proceeding, I feel myself the more justified in making this appeal to your candour and that of the public. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WILLIAM GOMERSALL."

"WEST-Riding of Yorkshire, to wit:—William Gomersall, of Gomersall, in the said Riding, dyer, maketh oath and saith, That at the last Yorkshire assizes, he, this deponent, was indicted and tried for wilfully and maliciously shooting at Benjamin Fearnley the younger, of Oakwell-Hall, within the township of Gomersall, on the 7th day of this instant, March. And this deponent further saith, that he did not, on the said 7th day of March, or at any other time, shoot at the said Benjamin Fearnley, nor did he ever threaten or attempt to shoot at him the said Benjamin Fearnley in any manner whatsoever.

WILLIAM GOMERSALL."

"SWORN at Riding, within the Riding aforesaid, the 27th day of March, 1805, before me one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said Riding.

RICHARD WALKER."

SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSING VICE.

THE cases of cruelty to animals which have come within the knowledge of the Society, are not numerous, but such as have been communicated to them have not inefficaciously called forth their interference. One instance of systematic brutality, in which they have interfered with effect, deserves particular notice—

The Society having been informed that the practice of bear-baiting was carried on, with the most savage ferocity, at a house in Black-Boy-alley, Chick-lane, found upon investigation, that this sport was, on one occasion, attended with the following circumstances:

The bear was confined by a chain fixed in the wall, and dogs were from time to time let loose upon him, the number of which, in reserve, it was supposed, amounted to fifty. The poor animal was not suffered to rest, but, when worn out with fatigue, was again forced to exertion, by the application of some pungent liquid to his wounds. This inhuman mode of stimulating him to action, was frequently repeated: in addition to which, it was observed, that a glass of spirits was occasionally administered to him. This brutal sport was continued for some hours with the same animal. At one of these meetings, the bear, being found too powerful for the dogs, was fastened to the floor, and his teeth were half sawn off. A supply of these victims of cruelty is easily obtained, as they are known to be bred in the vicinity of the metropolis. Badgers were also baited at the same place. Cruelties similar to those here described, frequently occur at that no less inhuman sport, called bull-baiting. On such occasions it is not unusual for the poor animal to be so exhausted with wounds and fatigue, as to be unable to return in the evening, though subjected on the road to fresh tortures, to the place whence he was driven in the morning, for the diversion of those who can be diverted by such savage scenes. It far-

ther appeared that the above place was opened for the same purpose every night of the week except Saturday, and that sixpence was taken of each person for admittance.

LEAVING these instances of cruelty to advert to that of another species: respecting the horrid cruelty of the Nackers, we have been informed—and we wish the Society, or any other person, could ascertain the extent of the fact—that at some, or most of the places, where aged and disabled horses are usually taken to be killed, these wretched and most pitiable quadrupeds are frequently suffered to stand tied up, without any food, and waiting in vain for the charitable stroke of death, two or three days at a stretch; during which time the once noble animals are not unfrequently reduced to the sad necessity of knawing the posts, the wall, and even their own flesh; because it is not a custom with the inhuman beings to whom they are consigned to take the earliest opportunity of putting them out of their misery.

PATENT IMPROVEMENT UPON FIREARMS, &c.

Granted to Mr. Durs Egg, Gun-maker, of St. Martin's Parish, Westminster.

THE great advantage in these improvements upon the lock for fire-arms in general, consists in a much superior degree of celerity in its action, and in the nature of its construction; the centre axle being much smaller on the tumbler, which is supported by, and acts in a second bridle, that passes over the cock, fixed on the outside of the lock. There is also a great advantage in pitching the axle-hole in the cock plate higher than usual, which gives the cock a great power and regularity in striking and cutting the hammer. This patent also describes a new method of taking the lock to pieces to clean, without taking out any screws. This is performed by a centre pin that forms the axle through the bridles and tumbler: when drawn out, the cock and the tumbler come out together, in one piece, through the upper part of the plate, and the lock may be put in its place, properly fixed as before, in two or three seconds; a considerable advantage, as the persons who take the locks to pieces very seldom put them together right. The patent also specifies a new method of priming, which is done by means of an opening at the front of the hammer and pan, with a cover fixed on the hammer, and a spring to open and shut like the hammer. By this method, there is no danger of putting in too much or too little powder when the hammer is shut: also an improved pan and hammer to expel the damp and water. The improved hammer is intended to prevent the great and frequent disappointment of missing fire. Mr. Egg makes it in two pieces: the whole face of it of the purest steel, and so constructed as that it may be put on the rest of the hammer, in different ways, and may be well hardened on or off. The hammer-seat to be lined with copper, and the fence that joins against the barrel to have a double arch to guide the water on each side of the pan, which will prevent the water getting to the powder in the pan. The patent also enumerates various other improvements; such as a new way to load all sorts of fire-arms at the breech, quicker and easier than can be

be done by the former methods, and exempt from accidents, in loading and firing, by means of an opening at the breech, and a slide across, or nearly so, through the metal of the barrel, to cover or shut up the opening; with a lever on the side of the barrel fixed to the same, with a joint and screw, and another fixed to the slide, &c. The inventor likewise proposes to make the above slide in such a manner, as to open and shut with a rising screw; also a new nipper, or shear, to cut the cartridge for priming, so constructed as to cut the paper off with an easy stroke, and without being liable to spoil, or to occasion the person handling it to cut himself; also an improved way of priming from the inside of the barrel, when charging, through the touch-hole. The touch-hole is made so as to shut itself up, when fired, by the recoil of the barrel. Also an improved sight at the breech. The body of it fixed not to move, and the notched part made to slide within the other, which secures it from moving by accident. Also a new cover for the sight, which will cause to shoot much truer than any used before, and will be a particular advantage for bullet guns and pistols. Also an improved stock to pistols, with a support on the upper part of the stock or grip, as a stop against the hand, to prevent the pistol moving when fired, &c. And, lastly, this patent contains the description of a newly constructed pistol for firing off cannon, to prime and load without wadding, with an improved worm for ramrods, &c.

VARIETIES AMONG ANIMALS.

THE floating opinions concerning that which naturalists call the varieties of animals are so vague, and in many cases so directly in opposition to well known facts; and these opinions have such extensive influence on almost every subject that has a reference to animated nature, that I have thought it proper to begin this branch of our recreations with some elucidations respecting it.

In the science of natural history, philosophers have found it expedient to arrange objects first under a few grand divisions, and then to divide, and afterwards subdivide these in the following manner. The most general divisions are called classes; each class is again divided into several lesser parts, which are called orders; each order contains a certain number of genera; each genus consists of several species; and each species contains certain varieties, which is the smallest subdivision that they have taken notice of. It is this lowest link of their chain of classification which will form the subject of our present disquisition.

That there are many varieties of most species of animals is well known; and as many of these varieties, especially among domesticated animals, readily intercopulate with each other, and produce a mixed race, participating of the qualities of both parents, it necessarily must happen, that in cases where they are suffered to intermix together, the descendants of an animal of one of these varieties is very different from that of the parent race. This fact having been remarked, has given rise to an opinion that there has been originally but one pair of animals of each species, and that all the varieties we now discover of the same species, have been produced by accidental circumstances only, such as a variation of climate, of food, or of some

other

other extraneous peculiarity; and that, of course, one variety may be transmuted into another without any intermixture of blood, purely by a change of circumstances only. This doctrine being once admitted, the inferences which necessarily result from it have proved highly detrimental to the practice of individuals in their attempts to improve the breed of domestic animals; as it tends, in as far as that doctrine is believed, to turn the attention of men from fixed and certain principles, to others that are vague and erroneous, which tend only to puzzle and confound the mind, and leave it in perpetual darkness and uncertainty.

The boldest assertor of the doctrine, that all the varieties of every species of animal are derived from one common stock, is the celebrated Buffon, who, instead of searching for proofs to support his hypothesis, contents himself with mere assertions, uttered with as much confidence as if the matter had been before proved beyond a possibility of doubt; and he takes as the subject for his illustration the dog kind, though the varieties of this species are more distinctly marked than those of perhaps any other animal with which we are intimately acquainted. He says, that the shepherd's dog—a variety of the canine species, by the bye, which cannot be so distinctly recognised as many other kinds—is the original stock from which the greyhound, the spaniel, the pointer, the harrier, the bull dog, the lap dog, the mastiff, the terrier, and every other variety, are all directly produced; and he even goes so far as to specify the means that are necessary to be adopted for producing these changes.

But if it were true that a change of climate affected an animal to such a degree as this hypothesis supposes, it would be impossible that any person existing should not have had opportunities of observing very striking instances of that kind: while instead of this, the most direct proofs of the contrary must have fallen within the observation of every man in the kngdom, in respect to the very animal that he has selected for illustration. The dog is a favoured domestic; he attaches himself to his master, and follows him wherever he goes. He is thus carried through all the climates of the globe, under the immediate controul and inspection of man; and no instance hath ever been known in which an individual dog has ever thus experienced any material change in his external form, far less in his internal qualities. If a smooth-haired Spanish pointer, for instance, be carried to the torrid or the frozen zone, from Kamtschatka through the whole extent of Asia and Europe into America, he is the same smooth-haired dog every where; and his master recognises him for the same creature at the first glance: but if the pile of its hair and external appearance be not altered, far less is the animal changed in its other qualities: it still scents the game in the way peculiar to that kind of dog; it does not, like the greyhound, pursue it by the eye; it does not, like the hound, burst forth in sonorous howling when it feels the scent strong; this variety of the dog kind steals upon its prey with extreme caution and circumspection. These qualities it possessed at its birth, and these qualities it retains till its dying hour, in spite of any change of climate or kind of food it may be made to experience. The same thing may be said of every other kind of dog. The English bull-dog

displayed

displayed the same unconquerable obstinacy on the arena of ancient Rome, as he does at this day in the island which gave him birth; and the Newfoundland dog of the present day is equally gentle, equally attached to his master, and alike firm in his defence in every part of Europe as in America. In short, the universal experience of mankind incontrovertibly proves, that the same individual dog continues the same in regard to all its essential characteristics in every region of this globe, and under every different system of management. He may be rendered fatter or leaner, diseased or sound, and these variations of management will produce a temporary change in his appearance; but no instance was ever known of a dog of one kind being converted into one of another sort. The terrier continues to ferret out the lesser animals with silent assiduity; the lap-dog to bark at every thing that moves; the pointer retains his quick sense of smelling; the greyhound searches for his prey by the eye in every region alike; so that there is no reason to doubt, that every kind of dog, considered individually, retains the same faculties unchanged throughout the whole course of its life, to whatever changes of food or climate it may be subjected.

But if the individual itself remain unchanged under every possible variation, how are we to conceive that a change in this respect can affect the progeny! Can any one believe that if a greyhound bitch, while with young, were allowed to bring forth her litter in one place—in Britain suppose, the place of her nativity—she would produce true greyhounds; but if she were carried to Norway the litter would turn out to be mastiffs; in Turkey long-haired pointers; and in other countries hounds, terriers, and all the other varieties of dogs! At the bare mention of such a position the mind revolts from it, as from a self-evident absurdity: but if the litter were not brought forth in these states in different climates, the puppies must be changed instantaneously after they come into the world; for, as we have seen they are not changed by it at any other period of their life, it must be now that the change is effected, like tadpoles into frogs, or never. But who has ever heard of such metamorphoses? We all know that no such thing takes place. Yet this, and more, must have happened were there the smallest foundation for this hypothesis. These changes must have happened not once only, but often; not casually, but invariably: of course, it would have been utterly impossible to propagate a greyhound in one country, or a beagle in the other; in short, every country would have had its own particular variety of dogs, and none other. But this we know is contradicted by the clearest facts, and the universal experience of mankind; and it must appear to be not a little surprising to those who reflect upon it, that an hypothesis, which is, under every point of view, so absurd, should ever have obtained currency for one moment among men who had their eyes open, and were not deprived of the power of reasoning.

Let us examine this position under yet another point of view, and we shall be led invariably to draw the same conclusion. It is well known by those who are curious in game dogs, that by a proper degree of care any individual kind may be kept from degenerating as long as you please. How long it is since the Spanish pointer was introduced into this island I am unable to say; but

but we all know that this breed of pointers is reared here every day; and there is reason to believe that some of those are to be found in this country at the present hour which possess the distinctive qualities of that kind of dog in perhaps as great perfection as ever they were known to do at any period of time. The same thing may be said of the beagle, hound, terrier, spaniel, bull-dog, pug-dog, and every other variety. If a male and female of the same kind be properly selected, and the female be prevented from intermixing with other males, there can be no doubt but the progeny will be of the same kind as the parent stock in external appearance, and all their distinguishable propensities and peculiarities. Under these circumstances you may as rationally expect to gather figs from a strawberry plant, as to find a greyhound produce a pointer, or a terrier a hound, or any other variety of the species. This rule is invariable, and admits of no exception that has ever been heard of.

(To be continued.)

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(Continued from page 323 of our last.)

LETTER VI.

DEAR COUSIN,

BEFORE I proceed to the subject matter of the sixth letter, give me leave to digress a little in the necessary vindication of the venerable sisterhood, the nine ancient musers.

That many have unthinkingly stigmatized the nine in a very illiberal manner, is a notorious fact.—It hath been boldly asserted that the ancient sisterhood are frequently guilty of the most flagrant deviations in respect to truth, sincerity, and plain matter of fact; that they are no better than a set of exaggerating deceivers, and gross liars; an artful tribe, who commit the greatest violation upon truth, by disguising it in quaint terms, and heathenish words, which are by them styled beautiful embellishments, and sublime conceptions; that their lying conceits and exaggerations they call hyperboles, an indispensable figure in all poetical compositions; that their abominable perversions and abuse of language they term catachresis; and these, and similar terms, are always in their mouths, it being the jargon to which they constantly fly in extenuation of their fabulous reveries and exaggerations; and that by these means they spin out to an hundred lines, what might be very readily comprised in two or four.—Their sole excuse for so doing is, that the art of spinning out a vast number of lines is a figure called amplification, and absolutely necessary on many occasions. These illiberal accusers also affirm, that whenever the muses descend to truth, by being engaged to sing matter of fact, that they take the contrary extreme, and seldom give more than one word for ten, or ten lines for a hundred, making it their invariable rule on this occasion never to give more than the tythe, or what is called the parson's due; and this pretty art of reducing is denominated a synecdoche, another indispensable figure among the muses. Yet it should seem that this figure is not solely confined to the poets, as school divines and theologicians have made frequent use of it, as well as of that of amplification; they having wrote a great many voluminous works on doubtful, obscure, and

and mysterious passages in divinity, to manifest their use of the former figure, but in their comments and illustrations of necessary instructions and obvious truths, have evinced their strict adherence to the latter mode, or figure of reducement, summing up a great many truths and virtues in a few sheets.

That the above and similar accusations are made and circulated, to the great discredit of the muses, every one must allow; and that they are the result of an illiberality of sentiment, and narrowness of conception, every candid being will acknowledge; and that they may be easily obviated, and totally eradicated from the human mind, I trust shall be clearly and evidently demonstrated.

Whoever hath well observed the most furious and zealous censurers of any particular order of men, manners, things, habits, or actions, and have seen any of those complainers by chance or otherwise raised to the situation and circumstances of him, her, or them, whom they used so freely to censure and condemn, have seen those censurers fall exactly into the same conduct, habits, and manners. In their new situation things appear in a different point of view, what was wrong before then shews itself to be right; what false, then true. From hence it appears, that a just idea of other people's concerns can never be fully attained, without divesting ourselves, as it were, from ourselves, and placing ourselves exactly in the situation and circumstances of those who seem to merit censure. Would the buyer transpose himself into the circumstances and situation of the seller, and behold each particular object on sale with his own eyes, and reason thereon after his mode, then the catalogue of beauties, conveniencies, and excellencies, which had before appeared exaggerated, would appear to be drawn up in strict adherence to truth. But the buyer and seller stand in widely different situations. It would seem to be the immutable law of man, I was about to have said nature, for the seller to publish and declare every beauty, perfection, and excellency in whatever he offers for sale; but to be silent, if not blind, to every defect, uncouthness, and inconvenience. The buyer, on the contrary, is supposed to examine things carefully and minutely, with the design of discovering every blemish, defect, &c. and to be silent, if not insensible, to all the agreeables attached to the object in view. This is the invariable custom of buyer and seller, and in this their views are reciprocal, each endeavouring to be the gainer, and to make the best market of his transactions, which clearly proves, that transposition of situation and circumstance make an inconceivable change in the prospects and qualities of objects.

Thus far have I digressed for your amusement and edification, both which, no doubt, it will wonderfully promote; and as it is a matter of such importance, and that so much depends on rightly conceived notions and ideas relative thereto, you will please to treasure the substance in your breast, and bear it in everlasting remembrance.

Proceed we now to the Lineal Descent of the Muses, an event likely to produce the most astonishing consequences and effects, they having been ever known to work rather by a secret or divine influence, than by attention to tuition.

The last and most admired influence of the Muses, is prosopopeia, or personification, which is the most sublime figure in all poetic composition,

sition, it being the wonderful endowment or faculty of causing the brute creation to break forth, on momentous occasions, into impassioned exclamations and poetic description. Nay, it is an art, or rather a most astonishing energy and divine impulse that causes, not only animate but inanimate beings or objects, as seas and rivers, mountains and obdurate rocks, hills and valleys, trees and shrubs, plants and flowers, to speak the various passions of the human mind; and that in all the soft and harmonious numbers of poetic diction. And can this great and imperial city, the greatest and most flourishing metropolis in the universe, be silent at this time, and on this occasion? No, she thus breaks forth, and sends out to the whole united dominions of a great and flourishing realm this proclamation.

I, London, raise my voice and cry,
Ye young and old, to London hie;
Whate'er your wants or wishes be,
Shall quickly be supplied by me;
Whate'er you sigh for, and would get,
In me, at all times, may be met.
Then hasten up, without delay,
The stage will shew you the right way:
But first your purse replenish well,
For, mark me, I don't give, but sell,
For I, like other folks, must live,
And little can afford to give;
But still that little will repay
The loss of many a summer's day.
When on my confines you approach,
And peep thro' windows in the coach,
Where'er you look, or turn your eyes,
Strange scenes of greatness will surprise:
Vast objects, new, and great, and grand,
Themselves present on either hand.
But scenes so noble and august,
Must by the eye be looked at first;
As no conception can conceive
What graciously to all I give.
Streets out of number, as you ride,
You'll see my ev'ry part divide,
With lanes, and courts, and spacious squares,
And alleys, for recluse affairs;
Some very narrow, others wide,
The boast of London, and her pride;
In oblique angles some are found,
Some straight, but others almost round,
Some front Aurora, on her rise,
Some view her in the western skies.
At noon some feel the genial ray
Of Sol, the glorious god of day,
And bask in his benignant beam,
Like fishes in the silv'ry stream;
Of course, who shift the scene aright,
The sun will the whole day delight.
For use, for grandeur, and for pride,
High houses rise on either side;
The prospect right and left they hide,
And London's ample self divide.
You'll think it strange, but yet 'tis true,
The horizon you'll seldom view.
When day grows old and fades away,
I make an artificial day,
That men may on their business run
Safe, as when lighted by the sun.
The brilliant lamps, on either side,
Look quite delightful as you ride;
They serve for use and pleasure too,
And like rejoicings nightly shew.
They make dull night look sprightly gay,
And light the trav'ller on his way;
They tempt to pleasure, beaux and belle,
Besides much more that I could tell.
Diurnally I give this sight,
Which always does impart delight.
If more for nothing still you crave,
Then more for nothing you may have!
With palisades, instead of walls,
Surrounded stands the great St. Pauls,
A huge cathedral, spacious, high,
Whose golden ball salutes the sky;
Thrice daily ope his door he flings,
And prayers and praises loudly sings;
The organ roaring in the loft,
Boys chanting in their treble soft,
Such music soothes the troubled breast,
Charms warring passions down to rest.
Here you may a spectator be,
Give laud and praise, and hear, and see;
And, if a few pence you let drop,
May take a journey to the top.
You will not find it quite a mile,
Nor will you meet a gate, or style,
But if a Cerberus should stand
To stop your journey, fling your hand,
Throw in his mouth a little sop,
And fast asleep the guard will drop.
When half ascended, in the dome,
You'll hear sweet echo go and come:

A whisper

A whisper, tho' it's ne'er so small,
Runs thrice around the vaulted wall:
You'll wonder 'till you're almost dumb,
From whence such mighty sounds should
come.
When out above you put your head,
Be bold, let neither fear nor dread
Your courage daunt, nor heart appal,
There is no danger of a fall.
Look all around, and view me well,
See how description I excel,
What temples, palaces, in view,
What churches, houses, old and new,
What streets and lanes my whole con-
nect,
All which will have a fine effect,
Afford you pleasure and surprise,
You'll see me as th' anatomize.
Look—see the multitude below,
Like pigmies dancing to and fro—
The rattling coaches look as small
As babies' go-carts on a stall,
That good old nurse or granny buys
For Jacky, when he pouts or cries.
My bridges are in number three,
All which for nothing you may see;
Their length, their breadth, their arches,
height,
Will much astonish, yet delight;
They can't be seen, so vast their size,
Without imparting great surprise
That structures such were rear'd by man,
Whose days are but a little span.
And here the fluid element
Her busy sons of trade present,
While vessels of a various make
Their roads upon the river take;
How swift the water they divide,
And see the coming, ebbing, tide.
My markets many daily be,
Where every one may hear and see
What's bought and sold, what's done and
said,
To find me with my daily bread;
And all they do can scarce supply
The meat and drink for which I cry;
Ten hecatombs they daily bleed
For me, and yet of more I've need;
So monstrous is my appetite,
Men gaze in wonder and affright;
Nor can think how I get supplies,
My daily longings to suffice:
But country folks are most benign,
They send me in both bread and wine,
And send me up their choicest meat,
So I ne'er lack a bit to eat.
Three beauteous parks are likewise free,
At all times to be viewed by thee,
Where youth and beauty oft repair,
To shew their cloaths, and take the air.
Here taste and fashion both are seen,
And some in elegance of mien,
Who charm the eye, the heart inspire
With tender love, and warm desire.
Here grandeur too, and wealthy pride,
Parade on horseback, side by side;
Here coaches, curricles, and carts,
Glide smoothly on, from various parts.
Here wood and water both delight—
And, look—yon abbey doth invite;
Approach the venerable pile,
You'll not repent—'tis worth your while.
Hark! the boys are chanting pray'rs,
And soon will sing melodious airs.
With rev'rence enter—silence keep,
Here kings, queens, heroes, poets sleep.
Here you may think and muse awhile,
As you pass on from aisle to aisle;
And view the marble sculptures, rais'd
Great deeds to tell, of men who're
prais'd;
Of personages good and great,
And most conspicuous in the state.
This corner I the poet's call—
Observe them rang'd around the wall—
There Shakespeare stands, a figure whole,
His elbow leaning o'er a scroll,
And pointing to some words sublime,
That says all things must yield to time;
This ancient pile must tumble down,
And cloud-capt towers of high renown,
That worlds themselves must fade away,
Like visions at the break of day;
Leave neither form, nor wreck, nor
trace,
Where once they had a resting place:
This Shakespeare wrote, dear nature's
child,
Of judgment tow'ring, fancy wild.
From earth to heaven his genius past,
Saw nature in her wond'rous cast:
In his mind's eye he saw, he drew,
Things wond'rous strange, entirely new,
Saw fairies, goblins, witches, ghosts,
And savages on unknown coasts;
To airy nothings gave a place,
And taught them language, form, and
grace;
To each gave something, all his own,
And such as ne'er before was known.
There Garrick stands, old Shakespeare's
tongue,
He look'd, spoke, acted, what he sung;
Garrick was body, Shakespeare soul,
And, join'd, they made one perfect
whole.

Thus bounteous nature doth bestow,
Her favour'd gifts on man below:
Where'er she gives a mighty mind,
Corporeal gifts are more confin'd,
All excellencies seldom meet,
And man was never yet complete.
This corner many poets shew,
There's Johnson, Dryden, Gay, and Rowe.
Look not for Pope, he rears his head
Not here, among the learned dead;
Yet here some relics of his art
Are seen, of his diviner part;
They shew the poet and the friend,
His tuneful genius they commend.
In short, you'll find it worth your while,
To view this place from aisle to aisle.
Th' above and more you'll gratis see,
When you get time to visit me. LONDON.

Much more remains for me to tell,
Which shall be told; dear girl, farewel.
SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

CRIM. CON.

Sheriff's Court, Middlesex.

KNIGHT v. FULLER.

AFTER the pleadings were opened on behalf of the plaintiff by Mr. Warren,

Mr. Erskine addressed the jury, and said, he should pursue the practice on the present occasion he had long adopted, of stating briefly the circumstances of the case, accompanied by a few general observations. The defendant had rendered it unnecessary for him to go into the proof of the crime charged, which was nothing less than the violation of the wife of the plaintiff. The defendant had acknowledged the offence, and had admitted judgment to go by default; the only question then for the jury to determine was, what was the compensation the plantiff ought to receive for the dishonour of his bed, and for the surrender of all his domestic enjoyments? The plaintiff was a gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Warwick; he married the daughter of Lord Dormer, before she was of age, and with the concurrence of that illustrious family. The ceremony was performed in the year 1791. For eight or nine years, or more, they lived in a state of uninterrupted happiness, and three children were born to them. One was a boy, who, to the anguish of his parents, died at Paris; the other two, were females, who, by the unhappy conduct of the defendant, were deprived of all the blessings of maternal love and affection. The defendant was the son of a rich banker, and had the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Guards; and what increases the horror of this transaction, the families were allied, the brother of the defendant having married the sister of the plaintiff. This connexion naturally produced an intimacy between the family of Mr. Knight and Colonel Fuller: the latter was admitted in all the confidence of friendship, and under such circumstances, suspicion seemed to be an insult to human nature. Mr. Erskine then entered into the distinction in respect to damages, when a careless husband receives a stranger at the convivial board; when a man, forgetful of the treasure he is appointed to guard, neglects the object of his former attachment; and endeavoured to shew, that in the present case, every circumstance tended to exhibit the caution of the husband, and the atrocity of the adulterer; adding, however, that he was personally acquainted with the family of the defendant, and, with the exception of the present instance, knew nothing in his conduct that was reprehensible.

The witnesses were then called.

Dr. Parr said, he became acquainted

... Novemb. 1805,

quainted with the plaintiff soon after his marriage. The age of the lady, at that time, was about eighteen or nineteen. He had been much at the house of Mr. Knight, and had frequently seen him at Lord Dormer's. He was a kind, indulgent, and attentive husband. He never heard the slightest imputation before on the lady, and imagined her to be wholly incapable of such misconduct. She had carriages and attendants at her command, and every thing suited to her quality and station of life. On his cross-examination, by Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, the doctor said, that the principal opportunity he had of seeing the plaintiff and his wife, was in the country; that he did not know precisely the age of the lady, and he could not say, of his own knowledge, although he firmly believed it, that the plaintiff and his wife had cohabited since the birth of the last child.

Edward F. Gould, Esq. knew the plaintiff perfectly well, and lived near him in the country. The plaintiff appeared an affectionate and tender husband, and the lady seemed to perform all the duties of a good wife. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and was the sister of the wife of the witness. He had seen the defendant once or twice. Col. Fuller, he understood, was the son of an opulent banker, and was a man of fortune. On his cross-examination, he said he had not seen the plaintiff and his wife much of late, and in the year 1801, and 1802, the witness was with his regiment in Scotland, and did not see them at all. When he returned from Scotland, they appeared on the same terms of affection, but as he did not spend his winters in town, the witness could not speak particularly to the conduct of Mr. Knight and his wife when they visited London.

The evidence being closed on the part of the plaintiff—

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan said, that he must acknowledge he rose under some embarrassment, not so much from the nature of the case, as from the talents and eloquence he had to oppose with his feeble abilities. He did not disapprove of any of the general principles expressed with so much animation by his learned friend; he admitted the sacredness of marriage; he allowed that it was the foundation of the happiness of society, and he was not disposed even to apologize, much less to attempt to vindicate, where the infringement of the rights of a virtuous and prudent husband had been committed. Two things would particularly attract the attention of the jury. 1. What has the plaintiff lost? 2. What has been the conduct of the defendant in producing this loss?—He would admit, that when the husband fulfils all the duties of his station; when he is jealous of the honour of his wife; when he is anxious to promote her happiness; the damages in such a case cannot be too large: but when a man neglects these important duties, they cannot be too small. A few moments attention to the evidence would assist in exposing the facts of the case. Dr. Parr was the first witness; he was a man undoubtedly in the highest estimation. He was a giant in literature, and if a question arose on any difficulty in polemical controversy, on the construction of an obscure passage in the sacred volume of our religion, on the exposition of the beauties of the classical and learned languages, there is no one who would not pay the greatest deference to the authority of Dr. Parr; but this profound scholar,

scholar, seems least of all fitted to be a witness in a case of criminal conversation; he might as soon almost be expected to be a party *(a general smile)* as to give testimony in such a cause. Every one knows his native good humour; he diffuses cheerfulness wherever he moves; even a churlish husband must raise his brow, and whatever domestic quarrels might subsist between the plaintiff and his wife, the presence of Dr. Parr would make placidity and all the semblance of affection return. It must be to such an interval that the evidence of this reverend gentleman can only apply. It was very remarkable, that the plaintiff only produced two witnesses. He did not venture to bring forward the friends, or even the servants of his family, to shew, that uniform affection prevailed; and in the absence of these witnesses, so easily obtained, it must be fairly concluded, that there was something in the cause which the plaintiff was anxious to conceal. Upon the whole of the case then, although damages must be given, he trusted the jury would see there were no circumstances of aggravation, and that in doing justice they would preserve that moderation by which British juries were distinguished.

Mr. Sayer, the under sheriff, then summed up the evidence; and after the deliberation of about half an hour, the jury delivered a verdict of L.7000 damages.

SINGULAR FOX-CHACE.

+ ON Tuesday morning, April 2, the officers of the Buckingham regiment, quartered at Maidstone, accompanied by several other sporting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, turned out a bag-fox, on Pennenden-Heath, just at the time as Captain Tyrrell's rifle corps, who were skirmishing, entered the heath in extended order from the wood adjoining the Debtling road. The fox, in approaching them, soon altered his course, frightened at the fire kept up by the riflemen; and, after passing several inclosures, with the hounds in full cry, bounded a very high garden wall and several fences, making his way into Duke's-court, Maidstone, the peaceful abode of old maids; and there leaping on a water-cask, facilitated his second leap upon the roof of Mr. Alchin's school. Not sufficiently exalted here, renard, with much adroitness, sprung upon the chimney, being double, and sagaciously viewing his pursuers, which were close at hand, descended into the one that had no fire below. In the mean time, the ardor of the sportsmen was so great in the pursuit, that it could scarcely be restrained, even in his sooty progress; but Mr. John Russell, of Maidstone, a sportsman of celebrity, coolly dismounting, entered the school, and followed renard to his dernier retreat. He was found sitting at the mouth of a funnel in the wash-house chimney. That gentleman, disregarding the sharpness of his teeth and claws, though in so awkward a situation to be secured, soon dragged him from his lurking-place into a bag, but not without himself and another person having their hands much lacerated in the conflict. Renard was a second time turned out the same morning on the Debtling road, below Pennenden-heath, and taking a southern course, by Mrs. Whatman's, was killed, after a very short run, near

Pole

Early one Morning in the Spring of 1805,

Pole Mill. A doubt having arisen, whether it is agreeable to the exact regulations of the chace, that a fox, after such a buffeting, should have been so immediately turned out again, several have drawn a conclusion that renard had not a fair chance, in not being given a longer respite; but this point is left for sportsmen to decide upon.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN

Great Britain, in the Year 1804, with their Sires.

(Continued from page 314 of our last.)

GOT BY

SIR PETER.—1. Bagatelle, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs, 50gs, 190l, 75gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.—2. Bay Colt, Master Betty, Sir H. T. Vane's, 165 gs at York.—3. Bay Colt, out of Goldenlocks, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 50l at Pontefract, and 50l at Northallerton.—4. Bay Filly, out of Belzebub's dam, Mr Timms's, 50l at Stamford.—5. Black Colt, Mr Squire's, 50l at Worcester.—6. Brown-bay Colt, out of Queen Mab, Lord Strathmore's, 140gs at Catterick-bridge, and the Produce Stakes of 650gs at York.—7. Brother to Stamford, Sir F. Standish's, 200gs, being second for the Claret Stakes at Newmarket.—8. Cheshire Cheese, Mr C. Cholmondeley's, the Macaroni Stakes of 140gs at Catterick-Bridge; 50l at Chester; 70gs and 10gs at Nantwich; and 100gs at Richmond.—9. Coriolanus, Mr Clifton's, 180gs at Beverley; 50l at Chesterfield; 50l at Lichfield; and 50l at Leicester.—10. Ditto, Sir H. Williamson's, the Claret Stakes of 800gs at Newmarket.—11. Duxbury, Sir F. Standish's, 500gs, 350gs, and 50l at Newmarket.—12. Haphazard, Lord Darlington's, 225gs, and one of the Subscription Purses of 268l 15s at York, and 200gs at Doncaster.—13. Honest Starling, Sir H. Williamson's, the King's Plate of 100gs, and 400gs at York; the King's Plate of 100gs, and the Stakes of 18gs for the second horse at Doncaster.—14. Houghton Lass, Mr T. Hutchinson's, 50l at Durham; Mr J. W. Wardell's, 123l 10s at Richmond; 50l at Pontefract; 50l at Doncaster; and 50l at Newmarket.—15. Josephina, Mr Clifton's, 150gs at Preston; 40gs at Chesterfield; and 50l at Shrewsbury.—16. Miss Hornpipe Teazle, Mr W. N. W. Hewett's, 100gs at York.—17. Miss Brocket, Mr Watson's, twice 50l at Canterbury.—18. Pipylin, Mr Sitwell's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket; 50l at Derby; and 50gs at Doncaster.—19. Rosanna, Mr. R. L. Savile's, 50l at Manchester, and 50l at Nottingham.—20. Sally, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 350gs at York.—21. Sir Harry Dimsdale, Mr C. Norton's, 100gs, 120gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.—22. Sir Oliver, Lord Stamford's, 120gs, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, and 80gs at Chester; twice 50gs at Bridgenorth; 93l 10s at Ludlow; 60gs at Worcester; 160gs at Lichfield; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs at Doncaster.—23. Sir Pertinax, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50gs, and the Welter Stakes of 70gs at Beverley; 70gs at Doncaster; and 70gs at Malton.—24. Virgin, Mr Abbey's, 50l at Ilsley.—25. Walton, Sir H. Williamson's, the King's Plate of 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; the King's Plates at Guildford, Salisbury, Winchester, Warwick,

wick, and Lichfield; and 70gs at Winchester.

A Son of Sir Peter.——Mrs Candour, Mr N. Ridley's, 100gs at Newcastle.

Skyscraper.——1. Busbridge, Mr Hydes's, the King's Plate of 100gs at Canterbury.—2. Colt, Mr. Fellowes's, 70gs at Exeter.

Skyscraper, or Grouse.—-—Flambeau, Mr Browne's, 50l at Brighton, and 50l at Lewes.

Spartacus.—Brocklesby, Mr Elwes's, the Welter Stakes of 400gs at Bibury.

Star.—1. Bay Colt, dam by Slope, Sir W. Gerard's, 60gs at Manchester, and 55l 15s at Nantwich.—2. Bay Filly, dam by Boudrow, Sir W. Gerard's, 100gs at Catterick-Bridge.—3. Quid, Mr C. Norton's, 300gs at Newmarket, and 300gs at York.

Stickler.—Striver, Mr Hurst's, 50l at Cardiff.

Stride.—1. Antelope, Mr Dinsdale's, 50l at Durham; Mr Hill's, a purse at Edinburgh.—2. Lady Brough, Mr J. W. Wardell's, 330gs at York; 50gs at Richmond; and 100l at Doncaster.—3. Petruchio, Sir J. Lawson's, 80gs at Catterick-Bridge.—4. Stretch, Mr N. B. Hodgson's, twice 50l at Newcastle; 50l at York; and 50l at Malton.

Sultan.—Bay Gelding, Mr Portal's, 50l at Winchester.

Tamerlane.—Orson, Colonel Kingscote's, 110gs and 50gs at Maddington; 50l at Bibury; and 70gs at Salisbury.

Telescope.—1. Optician, Mr T. L. Brooke's, 100gs and 100gs at Chester; 55gs at Knutsford; 50l at Derby; 70gs and a Stakes at Tarpoley Hunt.—2. Parapluie, Mr Lockley's, 50l at Ludlow.

Tickle Toby.—Young Toby, Sir W. Erskine's, 50l at Fife.

Tom Tring.——Ragman, Mr Branthwayt's, the Cup, value 50gs, at Southampton.

Traveller.—Bay Horse, out of Faith, Mr Garforth's, one of the Subscription Purses of 268l 15s at York.

Trimmer.—Chancellor, Lord Cassillis's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Ayr.

Trumpator.—1. Chippenham, Mr Moorhouse's, 38l 10s for the second horse in the first Class of Oatlands' Stakes, and 50l at Newmarket.—2. Fathom, Gen. Sparrow's, 50gs at Newmarket.—3. Giles, Mr W. Lake's, 20gs at Newmarket.——4. Penelope, Duke of Grafton's, the first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 375gs, 60gs, the King's Plate of 100gs, for mares, 50l. the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs, and 100gs at Newmarket. 5. Rebel, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l at Lewes, and the second Class of the October Oatlands' Stakes of 215gs at Newmarket.—6. Sir David, Lord Stawell's, 300gs, 50l, 100gs, and 60gs at Newmarket; Mr Dixon Boyce's, 400gs at Newmarket.

Volunteer.—1. Thornville, Mr Flint's, 1500gs at York.—2. Brighton, Mr Forth's, 250gs at Newmarket; 10gs at Egham; and 20gs at Newmarket.—3. Eagle, Mr Mellish's, 200gs, 100gs, 500gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 200gs, at Newmarket.—4. Enchantress, Mr Martin's, 50l at Stockbridge; 50l at Salisbury; and twice 50l at Winchester.—5. Sorrel, Mr Watson's, 200gs and 50gs at Newmarket.—6. The Carpenter, Mr Wyndham's, 50l at Ascot-Heath.—7. Trull, Mr Hurst's, 50gs at Swansea.—8. Volontiers, Mr Ladbroke's,

Ladbroke's, 50gs at Epsom; 90gs and 20gs at Brighton.

WALNUT.—1. Bay Colt, dam by Javelin, Mr Mangle's, the Jockey Stakes of 60gs at Middleham, and the Produce Stakes of 450gs at Ayr.——2. Lignum-Vitæ, Mr Watson's, the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 100gs added, at Newmarket. —3. Sir Rowland, Mr. Harris's, 50l at Manchester; and 50l at Worcester.

WAXY.——1. Deborah, Mr Lamb's, 100gs at Brocket-hall; Mr Howard's, 20gs at Newmarket. —2. Elizabeth, Lord Stawell's, 50l at Newmarket; Lord F. G. Osborne's, the Woburn Stakes of 70gs at Bedford; and 50gs at Newmarket.—3. Heeltap, Mr Howarth's, 20gs at Newmarket.—4. Latitat, Mr Emden's, 50l at Chelmsford; 50l at Canterbury; and 50l at Beccles.—5. Marplot, Colonel Kingscote's, 50l at Salisbury, and 20gs at Kingscote.—6. Newcastle, Mr Nalton's, 50l at Newcastle; Mr Thompson's, 100gs at Doncaster.—7. Newmarket, Mr Wilson's, the July Stakes of 310gs and 50l at Newmarket.—8. Pavilion, Mr Wilson's, 100gs, being the second for the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; Lord Darlington's, 130gs at Lewes.—9. Watery, Lord Foley's, 100gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

WEASEL.—Bay Mare, Mr. Horner's, 150gs at York.

WHISKEY.—1. Eleanor, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l, 40gs, and 50l, at Newmarket; 50l at Ipswich; 50l at Newmarket; 50l at Chelmsford; 50l at Huntingdon; 20l at Bedford; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 70gs in specie, and 190l at Newmarket.—2. Julia, Mr Ladbroke's, 100gs and 50s at Newmarket; and the Petworth Stakes of 80gs at Brighton.—3. Midas, Mr Collins's, 50l at Knighton.—4. Orlando, Sir C. Bunbury's, 75gs at Newmarket.—5. Pelisse, Duke of Grafton's, 60gs at Newmarket; the Oaks' Stakes of 675gs at Epsom; 100gs, 300gs, 70gs, and 300gs, at Newmarket.—6. Prospero, Sir C. Bunbury's, the Newmarket Stakes of 675gs, at Newmarket; the King's Plate of 100gs at Ipswich; 50l at Huntingdon; 65l 5s at Nottingham; 50l at Bedford; and 25l at Beccles.—7. Rumbo, Mr Ladbroke's, 50l at Goodwood; 50l at Epsom; 50l at Brighton; 60gs at Lewes; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Egham.—8. Sir Ulic M'Killigut, late Tinsel, Mr Clifton's, 50l at Chester; 50l at Bridgenorth; 50l at Ludlow; and 50l at Lichfield.—9. Tramper, Mr Howarth's, 25gs at Newmarket.——10. Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, the Craven Stakes of 70gs, 50gs, and 25gs, at Bibury; twice 50l at Hereford; and 100gs at Newmarket.

YOUNG WOODPECKER.—Wheatear, Col. Kingscote's, 190gs and 25gs at Maddington; 130gs and 50l at Bibury; 80gs and 50l at Haverford-west; 80gs and 50l at Cardiff; 50l, 50l, and 50l, at Swansea; 102l 10s at Kingscote; Capt. Pigott's, 50l at Kingscote; and 50l at Walsall.

ANECDOTE OF A LATE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE old adage says "Idleness is the root of all evil." But there are numbers in the world who cannot afford to be idle; and there are, perhaps, as many whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity

necessity of lucrative labour; for these sports and diversions have been invented, which, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, are, nevertheless, equally fatiguing to those who practise them; and differ only in this point, that whereas one is an act of compulsion, the other is an act of choice.

The man of rank and fortune, who voluntarily incurs fatigue, may be said to have no other motive than the preservation of his health; but to health may be added fashion.

The old Duke of Grafton, with a robust constitution, and uninterrupted health, loved ease and sleep of a winter's morning better than the music of the horns and the hounds; yet he thought it necessary for a man of his rank and fortune to be a sportsman, and to keep and follow a pack of fox-hounds. He therefore ordered his servants to call him at five o'clock in the morning, on days of chase, and to pull him out of bed and dress him, though he should resist, or be unwilling to awake. In this order his Grace was implicitly obeyed, though he defended himself from the assailants with blows and imprecations.

INSTANCES OF EQUESTRIAN QUACKERY.

MR. EDITOR,

SPENDING a day lately with a friend, at his house in the country, I observed in the stable a fine coach-horse, extremely out of order, with a swelled neck, in consequence of an error made by the farrier in bleeding him. The tumour was very considerable in size, discharging a thin unhealthy matter, and the animal, from being in the most vigorous and healthy state, immediately before the operation, was, in two days, astonishingly reduced, taking little or no food, and refusing drink almost entirely. My friend was absent from home, when the horse was bled, and the best account he could obtain of the accident was as follows:—From having been roughly handled before in the operation of phlebotomy, most probably the horse was very shy, and skittish on the approach of the farrier, who, in that rational spirit of revenge, by which these enlightened practitioners are too often actuated, first of all made a ligature round the creature's neck, so extremely tight, that he was nearly 'choaked.' The phleme was then 'applied,' and an unsuccessful stroke given with the blood stick. The horse, it seems, would not stand still to receive another, until they had twitched him so severely, that the lip, as well as the neck, was left tumid, and in a state of inflammation. In fine, several strokes were given before the operation could be completed.

Disagreeably impressed by this, and various similar cases which had come under my observation, I determined, on my return home, on a reference to such books as I had in my possession, which I hoped might afford me some light on the subject; I mean chiefly as to the most safe and proper method of bleeding horses. In the second volume of the treatise of Mr. White, veterinary surgeon, I found some remarks on the common method of bleeding, compared with the late introduction of the lancet, the author giving a decided preference to the former, adding, that even the author of the philosophical treatise himself—or words to that effect—should not persuade him to adopt the use of the lancet in bleeding a horse.

horse. Mr. White yet gives no decisive reasons for his preference of the phleme, unless his own habitual use of that instrument is to be viewed in that light. He seems to think there is danger and difficulty in the use of the lancet by a farrier; but does not every year's experience bring fresh instances of the danger and uncertainty of the phleme and blood-stick? Is it more difficult to puncture accurately with the point of the lancet, than to strike accurately with the bludgeon? Does not the whole depend on habit and practice? Have a proportional number of accidents resulted from the use of the lancet? Are not the opinions and authorities as numerous in favour of the new, as the old practice?—I mean of those who ought to be respected as judges. I request the favour, Mr. Editor, of some satisfaction on this point from your professional correspondents.

Taking it for granted that, by the author of the "Philosophical Treatise," Mr. Lawrence was meant, I turned to his book, and found him giving a preference to the lancet, and yet it appears, rather from the recommendation of others, than on any decisive experience of his own. He gives various instances of its successful use, and recommends a common small lancet. I am rather dubious on what he says (p. 305, vol. 2), that, "When a horse's head may be tied up to the rack, pinning the orifice is seldom necessary;" for although such practice be frequent enough, and the accidents from careless pinning, as he describes, are also frequent, yet the leaving a large orifice particularly unsecured by any compression, might possibly be attended with fatal consequences, and such accidents would be more probable in warm close weather. I hope to be indulged with some information on this head, through the channel of your useful and instructive Miscellany, feeling interested in every thing which concerns that noble, but cruelly abused and tortured animal, the horse. I am, Sir,

NEWBOCKENTOBASHOFAX.

Albany, Easter-Sunday.

HORSE SWINDLING;

Or, how an honest Man may be aiding and assisting in swindling himself out of his own Horse—Farther, how having sold his own Horse, he may be arrested for the Money.

THE following most ingenious *tour* was made by a capital hand, a short time previous to the date of Lord George Gordon's grand display, after his manner, in 1780. The writer of this received his information soon after the event, and the hero of the piece was no less a man than *Jack Rann;* or, the famous *Sixteen String Jack*, the supposed favourite, true or false, of certain *since* honourable ladies.

Jack Rann, at his outset in life, went sometimes—according to a phrase of the old school—upon the *running snaffle.* He had a *Pal*, or confederate, of the name of Mawley, alias Macawley, long since portrayed at full length, in black and blue, upon a wooden ground. They obtained horses as they could, and sold them immediately to the best bidder. They possessed a joint stock, and frequented fairs and races, making bets at the risk of *stand or run;* that is, of demanding the money in case of winning, or making themselves scarce in case the thing did not *come off right*. In short, they were on the watch for whatever might offer. For exam-

 ple,

ple, at an Epsom May meeting, when the town was so crowded, that stable room, indeed scarcely yard room could be found for the horses, Mawley observed a person of nearly his own age, and dressed very much like himself, give a very fine nag to a boy to take care of, who had already many under his care. Watching the gentleman to some distance, Mawley came back to the boy and demanded his horse, pretending he had changed his mind. The boy innocently took a shilling of him, and delivered the nag, paying very little attention, and being deceived by the similarity between the figures of the two men. Mawley instantly rode off with the horse, leaving his own to the care of his confederate.

From some such expedition as this, probably, these gentlemen had returned, when one summer evening they approached the Bunch of Grapes in Dirty lane, Southwark, at the door of which they observed a very likely gelding. The sight of this was so attractive, that they could do no less than make a halt at the house, in order to see what card might turn up trump. They soon found the owner of the horse, a tallow chandler, a man of good circumstances, who having no farther occasion for a horse, wished to be a seller. Rann immediately introduced himself as a dealer, and after some chaffering, agreed to give ten pounds for the horse; but a difficulty occurred—Mr. Rann had laid out all his cash, at a fair in Kent, and could only offer his note, at a month, for the purchase. The seller very prudently objecting to a proposal of this nature, from a perfect stranger, Mawley took him up very short, with—"Oh, Sir, if that be all, I will answer for Mr. Rann, as a man of known credit, and trustworthy, and I shall do it in a way perfectly satisfactory to yourself. Get but his bill, and I will instantly put it into cash for you, only for the discount of a glass of wine. There were no stamps in those happy days; a slip of paper was brought, Rann gave his note for ten pounds to the tallow chandler, or order; the latter endorsed the bill, and Mawley gave him cash for it. The horse was delivered, and sold next day, by the co-partnership, for fifteen guineas, to a gentleman of the Temple, for the use of his servant. When the note became due, in course Rann was not to be found, and Mawley, according to the original intention, put it into the hands of a famous *attorney of all work*, of that day, who forthwith arrested the original endorser, the tallow chandler, and obtained the money, with some costs, the consequence of a demur the endorser had been advised to make. Thus the poor man paid a good round sum to get rid of his horse. But beyond all this, the attorney had the modesty to wait on him some days after the settlement, and to advise an action for the recovery of his horse, from the gentleman in the Temple, assuring his new client in expectation, that there could be no doubt of success.

The relater of the above facts, and eye-witness of the first transaction, died lately, leaving considerable property. In early life, he broke open his master's bureau, and stole from thence a gold watch and some cash. He yet obtained recommendations to a confidential service; in about three years, from which he absconded, having robbed his employer of more than a thousand pounds. After several years passed in obscurity, he obtained another confidential situation, in which, at least, he was never suspected. He

was

was a man of consummate industry and aptitude for business, and could sing a good song, and make himself agreeable to all. There have been instances, in all times, of men with suspected, or even known bad characters, finding encouragement and protection, when others of real integrity have been passed by, merely from wearing an unfortunate phiz, or having an awkward gait, or not possessing sufficient impudence. One man may steal a horse with impunity, whilst another shall be hanged for looking over the hedge.

A Collector of Curious Facts.

GIGANTIC CHALLENGE.

From the History of Russia:

DURING his reign, Wladimir had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions; the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they reciprocally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal stature, who, vain of his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity. The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered himself to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were obliged to supplicate for longer time.

At length an old man approached Wladimir;—"My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the Prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was irritated with red hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, seized, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring on the dust. The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple currier, with honours and distinctions. He was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the grandees, and to preserve the remembrance of this action, the Prince founded the city of Pereiaslavle on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of Kiof.

POACHING IN KENT.

Kingston Assizes.

BROADWOOD, ESQ. *v.* THE HON. T. COVENTRY.

MR. GARROW said, that this action was brought against a young gentleman, whom he was sorry to have to complain against. He was the son of a noble family, and inherited from a relation a large fortune, which he had dissipated in every kind of extravagance. He was now within the rules of the King's Bench, from whence he sallied by a day rule in term time, and trespassed all round the neighbourhood of Footscray. He was an excellent shot, and had a servant as good a shot as himself. They, with three or four companions of the same sort, with their double-barrelled guns, made such havock with the game wherever they went, that it was now the only question, whether the proprietors of the manors, or strangers, should have the game upon them. In October last he was poaching upon the plaintiff's manor, and being warned off by his game-keeper, he told the man to tell his master "to string his fiddles, and not interrupt him, or he would knock him clean over," using a coarse expression, which he did not chuse to repeat. He would have this sprig of nobility know that a respectable mechanic who amassed a fortune by his ingenuity and economy, was a more respectable person than the dissipated man of fashion, who had squandered the inheritance of his ancestors.

Mr. Justice Heath said he supposed a shilling verdict would do.

Mr. Garrow replied, he would accept of a shilling. And Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Curwood, counsel for Mr. Coventry, agreed to it.

ANECDOTE OF CANINE SAGACITY AND AFFECTION.

A GAMEKEEPER of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant both night and day; whenever Old Daniel appeared, Dash was close behind him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in better style, or in a greater quantity; but if at night a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad, and many poachers have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connection, Old Daniel was seized with a disease which terminated in a consumption, and his death. Whilst the slow, but fatal progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps; and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay on the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he attempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room, in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last. Here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave. But at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shewn him, he died literally broken-hearted.

SUNDAY

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

AN able calculator estimates the number of persons belonging to the metropolis, who spend the Sunday in the adjacent villages, inns, tea-houses, gardens, &c. at two hundred thousand.

These, he calculates, will spend each half-a-crown, amounting in the whole to twenty-five thousand pounds. This sum, he thinks, cannot be thought exaggerated, when it is considered that he has taken the numbers so low as two hundred thousand, and the sum spent by each at half-a-crown.

Twenty-five thousand pounds, multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, give, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of one million three hundred thousand pounds.

Of these two hundred thousand persons, he calculates the returning situations as follow:—

Sober	50,000
In high glee	90,000
Drunkish	30,000
Staggering tipsy	10,000
Muzzy	15,000
Dead drunk,	5,000
	200,000

N. B. In the above calculation we think the numbers exaggerated, but the sum is, perhaps, under the truth. Much, however, will depend on weather.

LAMENTABLE DECAY OF RUDENESS.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW no more frequent cause of regret, than that the circumstances upon which we are apt to value ourselves, are the most liable to abuse, and to be turned into inconveniencies. We naturally, for example, pride ourselves on living in an age of civilization, and on being more polished, and more civil, more qualified for the intercourse of social life, than our ancestors.

I can well remember how different the case was in my younger days. The roughness and rudeness of the people then was highly favourable to trade and passion. Then I could rate and scold a man, and he make me answers little short of the politeness of a fish-woman. I could touch his pride, and by a few well-timed and most abusive epithets, which are now become obselete, get my business done in a trice. The man would grumble and growl out a few oaths, pretend that he did not understand such language, that he was a reputable housekeeper, paid scot and lot, and had served parish offices—but still the business was done, and a person in my situation never need carry out a quantity of fury and indignation without finding a vent for it. But now it is, "Dear Sir, I am so exceedingly sorry that little affair of yours—little affair, think of that!—is not quite ready, but really the materials are not come home—or my men have had a bowel complaint—or the weather has been so unfavourable to our business—and knowing, Sir, your goodness and indulgence; but you may depend on it—Here! John, Thomas, Richard! be sure Mr. Fidget's job be done out of hand immediately, and put by that other—exceeding sorry, indeed, Mr. Fidget—but to-morrow or Thursday at farthest—am quite ashamed you had the trouble to call—give me leave, Sir—our passage is rather dark—take care of the step—am very much obliged to you,

you, I am sure, Mr. Fidget, for your orders at all times—you are one of my best friends—your most humble servant, Sir,—to-morrow, or Thursday, you may depend on having it home—give me leave—I'll open the door—Sir, your very humble servant!"

Now, Sir, what can a man say to all this? Can I write to my correspondent in the country, and tell him that I dare not scold the person employed on his business, because he is so civil? Yet I cannot avoid giving vent to my passion through the medium of your Magazine, and I hope some of your correspondents will take the matter in high dudgeon. I am not without some hope, that soon our tradesmen may have employment enough to make them saucy; in which case, a little impertinence now and then will greatly tend to make employers and customers understand one another, and afford much satisfaction to, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Ferdinando Fidget.

MARMADUKE MACE, AND HIS FORTUNE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IT is highly surprising that such exact analysts as you are, of all that passes in the sporting world, you should have passed me over in utter silence, though I have made more noise, and occasioned more talk within the period of your publication, than any gamester, black-leg, genius, buck, or blood, that ever made his appearance here. If I have not said so many good things below stairs, I have played for more money above, than all the wits put together; and though I have not been so lucky at *double entendre* as some of the first rate punsters in the coffee-room, I have made some of the finest strokes that ever were seen in the billiard-room. It was me, gentlemen, that first reduced billiards to a science; found out that it was necessary to temper the body as well as the mind to arrive at any proficiency in it: to this end I fixed my regimen to water-gruel, to render my hand steady, and read the life of Socrates every morning, to endue me with patience. On the eve of a great match I took my sweats, and never drank a dram but at eleven-all, and the ball against me, to fortify the nerves and brace the tendons.

Many other rules I laid down, and practised, to bring this useful, elegant, and polite art to perfection; and the world allowed me to be the greatest adept at it that ever appeared. From what I have said you will readily conclude, that I soon amassed a great fortune: no, alas! my fate was like that of all great schemists—I ruined myself for the benefit of the public—with this difference from the common run of projectors, I had always my own personal interest in view; but, practising so many finesses to monopolize all the gains, I frequently found myself the only loser.

I do not write this in expectation of any relief from you, or even those who have long since gained my hundreds; but that you make honourable mention, in your much and justly admired miscellany, of so respectable a character as, gentlemen, your humble servant,

MARMADUKE MACE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

THE Editors acknowledge they are not competent judges of the matter

Mallard & French Spaniel.

Pub. M[illegible]y 1.1805, by J Wheble, W[illegible]rwick Square.

matter to give their opinion of the merits of this great performer; nor do they think any apology necessary to be made for having omitted to make honourable mention of him in this miscellany; but perhaps it may be a useful hint to Mr. Mace, to remind him, that as he has made billiards so much his study, it is imagined, if he were to follow the example of the great Hoyle, and write a treatise upon it, he might acquire fame, and recruit his finances.

STEALING AND MAIMING A MARE.

Warwick Spring Assizes.

WILLIAM ALLEN was indicted for stealing a black mare, the property of Thos. Turvey. The prisoner, upon his own confession, took the mare from a field in the parish of Aston, belonging to another person, with whom Turvey had intrusted the horse to grass. What made this case singular was, that the prisoner took the mare to the house of Turvey, who is a slaughterman, and said he wanted to sell her to be slaughtered; at this time she was bleeding very profusely, having been cut in the sinews of the near leg. Upon Turvey seeing the mare, he recognized her as his own, and took the prisoner into custody. He confessed to the constable, that he stole her; and having heard some navigators say, that if a man stole a horse, maimed him, and sold him to be killed, he could not be hurt for it, as nobody could swear to him then; that he had accordingly done. These facts being clearly proved, and offering nothing in defence, the jury found him guilty; but recommended him to mercy.

THE MALLARD AND FRENCH SPANIEL.

An Engraving.

THE mallard is something larger than the domestic drake, the plumage infinitely more brilliant and variegated. It is a bold bird, and common to most parts of England bordering on large rivers, and the sea-coast; particularly where the covers are least frequented by the foot of man. All the winter, and in the spring, the fenny parts of Lincolnshire abound with them, where they continually mingle with the flocks of aquatic birds that feed the decoys. The sportsman delights greatly in the pursuit of the mallard, and the entertainment it affords is improved by the delicious flavour of the food it yields to his skill and industry. A long barrel, and a good sized round shot, with a brace of well-trained spaniels, are the necessary concomitants of this diversion. Caution and silence are also requisite, for the mallard possesses a keen eye, and a most acute hearing; yet he rises slow, and presents as fair a mark for the fowler as any bird selected for his pleasures. The rough French spaniel has been found the best companion on these occasions: he watches the conduct of the sportsman, and, with a velocity unequalled, darts on the wounded bird, and, having fastened on his prey, presents it with all possible speed at the feet of his master.

The picture from which the annexed engraving was taken, was painted by the ingenious Mr. Elmer of Farnham, and will no doubt be highly acceptable to our sporting readers.

SYMPATHETIC SENSIBILITY AT THE CARD-TABLE.

SO, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl! Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing,——what's trumps?

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover.—Play a spade, Madam.

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow! Ah! how many indeed!—The odd trick is ours.

The Captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send a joint of meat to his family. That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, Sir.

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hopes that he will ever recover the use of his reason. Oh! I recollect that he rode against somebody—Play a spade if you please.

The prospect to the poor, this winter, is dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich. Yes—one really gives so much in charity——I will bet you a guinea on the game.

Pray, Lady ———, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. ———? What! her son drowned? O yes—Mind we are eight, partner.

George, Madam, George—I am sorry to say it—put an end to his life last Tuesday. You don't say so?—I had two honours in my own hand.

Yes; and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction. Dear me, that's bad——Single, double, and the rub.

FINE TIMES.

BY A NOTED GRUMBLER.

FINE times, when generosity is shewn only to wh—s, waiters at taverns, and horse-jockies.

When drinking and wenching are the chief accomplishments of a man of spirit.

When gaming is a duty, distress of circumstances a pleasure, and gentlemen's servants are bailiffs in livery.

When tradesmen bet fifty or a hundred pounds on a horse, and pay a shilling in the pound to their creditors.

When all debts remain unpaid but debts of honour, and a prostitute and a gambler are the only creditors whom we would not affront by a composition.

When parents exhibit their children to titled seducers, and profligates of high rank, by which they gain a keeper, and lose a husband.

When, in order to ride in one's coach, it is necessary to deserve to ride in a cart.

When the maid and the mistress are so alike in dress, that there is no difference, except that the maid is the best dressed of the two.

When the follies of youth begin in infancy; when manhood is left out altogether, and old age begins at five and twenty.

When money is become the object of philosophic contempt, and a young man is never happy until he has nothing left, and gets credit

for

for public spirit and virtue a few weeks before he shoots himself.

When one may repeat, again and again, truths like the above, and those who are concerned laugh at and disregard them; while men who know not the world can scarcely believe that such things are!

A RAMBLE
FROM
TAUNTON TO TIVERTON.

The Carrier—The Blind Sailor—Wellington—Reflections—Pelisson and his Spider—The Hermitage of St. Hubert—Kainsbear Hills, and a set down at Tiverton.

By constant use the steel more brilliant glows,
No stain corrodes it, no defect it shews:
But laid neglected, falls a prey to rust,
Offends the sight, and moulders into dust.——
So beams the active mind amidst its cares,
Smiles at affliction's rod, and danger dares:
So sinks the sluggard, so begloomed he lies,
Shunn'd and detested, as reflections rise;
While active virtue leaves a blameless name,
And mem'ry marks her tablet with its fame.

THE CARRIER.

ONE of those accidents which commonly occur through neglect or inattention, forced me to retrace—in no good humour—my way to Taunton. The carrier, as he pretended, had lost the direction off my pormanteau, which, in all probability, had been mine no more, but for this exertion. Having regained my property, and taken better care to avoid similar disappointments, I left the town at an early hour, intending to reach Tiverton some time in the course of the day. To that end, and to remark on such things as might engage my notice, I gently pursued a pleasant path, and took my breakfast at a village called Upbishops, remarkable for nothing but a singular fashioned church, of great antiquity, and a good prospect of the windings of the silver Taun. After a walk of seven miles, I came in sight of Wellington. At a small space previous to the entrance of that town, my sight was agreeably attached by the industry and ingenuity of a poor, and, as I conceived, pitiable

BLIND SAILOR,

Who, as he informed me, in the younger part of his life, worked as a shipwright in the King's yard, at Plymouth, and that after serving his country seventeen years, lost his sight on a West India station. The man was sitting on a large stone before his cottage door, and singing merrily, while his fingers were busy in adjusting the sails and rigging of a man of war, wholly made by himself, though his eyes were without the smallest degree of vision; every thing appeared to me with such correctness, that I could not help expressing my admiration; and with a warmth that gave great satisfaction to the white-headed Hanibal. "It is my only amusement," said he, "and diverts away the terrors of my affliction. But I do not repine; for, since I have followed my old trade of ship building, my health has greatly improved: and I thank God," continued he, "my judgment makes me equal to the undertaking; and what with my pension, and the liberality of travellers, I make a pretty good shift to live comfortably.

comfortably. His Grace the Duke of Bedford, God bless him, was pleased to stop here on his way to Tavistock, and came to examine my labours, when he ordered me ten pounds, with which I was enabled to get through the last hard winter with a great deal of comfort and happiness."

I made a small sacrifice to humanity, and leaving the old navigator, with a wish for his future welfare, he thanked me, and continued his labour and his song. The singular economy of this fellow-creature prepared my mind for a strain of reflections, which, in another part of my letter, I shall fully communicate. Now let me enter the town of

WELLINGTON;

Or, Well-in-town, as I conceive it to have been originally called; for, at the entrance, in the centre of the street, is a well of some magnitude, apparently constructed for the general benefit of the inhabitants. Wellington is a very handsome town, one hundred and forty-seven miles from the metropolis, in the high road to the western extremities of England. Beside other places of worship, it has a majestic lofty stone church, of great capacity. The inns are few, but good; and the market place nearly in the centre, is conveniently constructed, and constantly supplied with every thing necessary for the pleasures of man; and at a rate so reasonable, that I was offered by a very respectable tradesman to be boarded and lodged for twelve shillings per week, the table to be covered every day with fish, flesh, and fowl; or with whatever was seasonable. The town is extensive, and on a flat gravel soil; free from impurities; within a few hours ride of both the British and the Bristol channels. The inhabitants are remarkable for their civility, and in general look cheerful and healthy. The surrounding hills shelter them from the violence of tempests; the water is clear and tasteless, and the vegetation various and abundant. Society, as I am informed, is rather circumscribed; but, upon the whole, the man of little ambition, small fortune, attached to quietness, may find at Wellington, in Somersetshire, a paradise of comforts, and spend his summer months with as much felicity as in any part of Great Britain. After a necessary refreshment, I turned from this seat of variety, and took me again to the rural foot-way, where the stillness of the scene, and a recollection of the poor blind sailor led me to follow up my but suspended

REFLECTIONS.

What is the human mind, said I —addressing myself to the brilliant heavens—repulsive to the operations of genius, and incompetent to the impression of rational amusement? It is the dark cold flint, upon the mountain's top, upon which the dews of fertility are shed in vain; on the contrary, the afflicted bosom, susceptive of their advantages, presently becomes a barrier against the approaches of despondency, and, in a great measure, beguiles those evils which would trench too deep into the space of our existence. Here we behold a blind old man soothing affliction by an ingenious attachment, and though dark as the log he sculptured, almost forgets his loss, even confesses happiness, and sings cheerfully beneath the severest of human deprivations; yes, in his own docility he finds the honey which endulcerates the bitterness of his misery.

sery. Surely such a disposition mounts almost to the highest degree on the scale of human felicity. This philosophy of the mind, for so I must call it, has in all ages been of the highest advantage to the world. The immortal Homer evinced it, and so did our divine Milton, in a poem not less in merit than that composed by the blind bard of Greece. Professor Saunderson, to divert his hours of darkness, fashioned, with his own fingers, a sphere to be a model for astronomers to the end of time. These are thy works, almighty Parent of Good! And here I shall conclude my reflections on the power of rational amusements, over the miseries of the body and the mind, with the story of the unfortunate

PELISSON AND HIS SPIDER.

Pelisson was a writer, who, having given offence to the ministers of his government, was cast by them into a cell in the Bastile, where, as was usual during the reign of Louis XIV. the prisoners were debarred the visits of their friends, and lived on bread and water, without the comfort of any book whatever; denied every kind of recreation, and forbid, on pain of greater severity, the pen and the inkstand. After a a few months of confinement, life became insupportable to Pelisson, till at length he got acquainted with a spider, which he had rendered familiar by frequently giving crumbs of bread to the insect, which used to spin down as soon as Pelisson was at his scanty meal. From this period, of diverting his benevolent mind, Pelisson's sufferings were in a great degree softened; and, like the Indian slave to the dog, his constant companion—described by Burney—

"——— He found it happiness to give
A portion of his coarse and scanty meal."

The care of this spider was to him both an employ and amusement. He considered that he was no longer alone, and found comfort in that thought. It happened, however, one day that the gaoler brought the bread and water later than usual, and he was still in the cell when the spider spun down to receive the prisoner's bounty, Pelisson threw it a few crumbs, but the sight highly offended the cruel gaoler, who, loading the poor man with execrations for so vile an amusement—as he termed it—with one stroke of his large key unmercifully killed the harmless creature; and this malicious conduct, for the first time, made Pelisson to shed tears.

The remembrance of this circumstance is yet preserved in the cabinets of the curious. Watteaux, the celebrated French painter, made it the subject of a picture, in which the likeness of the suffering Pelisson is correctly preserved, and from which a very good engraving was taken, and frequently to be met with at our public sales.

Thus, by attachments reason smiles to own,
We dissipate the sigh, and mock the moan.

I had lost sight of Wellington, and the many pleasing objects that surround it, when, turning from the common way, about two miles to the southward, I strayed to visit the *Ferme Orné* of Mr. Percival, the gentleman who, some years back, was thrown from his horse, and broke a limb, in taking a leap with Mr. Portman's hounds; and who diverted his mind, till the return of convalescence, in laying out his ground *a la Shenstone;*

Whose

Whose scanty purse, once equal to his taste,
Had made a paradise of ev'ry waste:

And decorating them with those beauties which speak the man of science. After a delightful walk through some of the charming inclosures, I arrived, and obtained, without difficulty, admission to

THE HERMITAGE.

At the bottom of the grounds stands a neat pretty building, dedicated to the sportsman's protector, St. Hubert, or the hunter of the forest of Ardennes. The whole is of an oblong form, about twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen broad, and as many high: the top is curiously covered with blue slates, faintly rising from cantilivers, after the Italian fashion; and in the centre of that part of the roof which faces the east, opens a cylindrical apperture, the only admission for light; the strong column of which, while brightened by the solar rays, has a very pleasing effect. Over a small altar, in which stands a crystal vase, the saint is painted, in good style, in an attitude of devotion: his side is adorned with a bugle horn, and his left hand on the head of a stag; and under the picture hangs this legend:

"St. Hubert the hunter, previous to his coversion, was so fond of the chase, that he pursued his game, as the legends relate, during divine service, and it was in the midst of his favourite pleasure that God won him to himself; for he was suddenly stopped in the forest of Ardennes by a voice, and immediately a stag stood before him, with a crucifix between his horns, while the same voice threatened him with eternal punishments if he did not instantaneously alter his course of life; which accordingly took place, and St. Hubert was elevated to the Roman Rubric."

So much for the miracle. The floor is of singular beauty; the largest teeth of horses have been vertically cut asunder, and finely polished, and these disposed in tesselated forms, very pleasing to the sight; at the same time communicating a coolness grateful to the visitor, in the breathless moments of the dog-days. In the middle of the pavement is a small natural spring, running to waste through a narrow serpentine channel, and out at the door, which is always open, and looks towards a romantic dell, where the stream feeds a large pool, covered with moor-hens and water-cresses. The external part of this hermitage is perfectly Gothic, and the door bears a Greek inscription. Behind, and nearly three parts round it, are weeping willows, rose trees, and honey suckles.

KAINSBEAR HILLS.

As I was in the neighbourhood of the Kainsbear hills, I did not fail to visit their ample whetstone pits, exceedingly worthy the traveller's attention. From these vast excavations, all the grindery—a term well known to the gentle craft of England—is supplied. And now, warned by the declining torch of day, I thought of repose; and dashing through thatched Halberton and Sampford Paverall, two of the meanest villages I have ever seen, I took my way towards the distant winding of the river Ex, amidst hovels barely fit for swine, yet abundantly stocked with weavers of serge, spinners, and peasantry, partaking partly of the colour of their gloomy huts, composed of brickdust, coloured mud, chopped straw,

straw, and willow sticks; but these dull objects were soon forgot, and I tripped merrily up the bridge of the prattling Lowman; and, seven miles from Wellington, entered the lofty and famous cloathing town of Tiverton *.

T. N.

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

Covent Garden, Theatre.

THIS new comedy is the avowed production of Mr. Colman. The dramatic celebity of the author naturally raised very high expectations; and they were, we believe, disappointed only in a very few instances. The following were the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Lawrence Macmurragh	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Barford, or Captain Delamere	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Torrent	Mr. Munden.
The Prisoner from France	Mr. C. Kemble.
Mr. Heartley	Mr. Chapman.
Andrew Bang	Mr. Emery.
Solomon Gundy	Mr. Fawcett
Skirts	Mr. Simmons.
Fanny,	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Glassenbury	Mrs. Mattocks.

Mr. Torrent, a principal character, and who has acquired an affluent fortune in trade, is resolved to retire to rural tranquillity, and to scenes that may open to him frequent opportunities of indulging a generous and humane disposition, which hurries him into acts of indiscriminate charity and Quixotic beneficence. For that purpose he purchases an estate in Yorkshire, and relies on the judgment of his friend, Mr. Heartley, a gentleman critically sentimental, who occasionally chides the impetuosity of Mr. Torrent's beneficence, and points out to him artists of modest but real merits, by whom his estate may be improved and embellished.

Mr. Torrent, on his arrival at the village where his estate lies, finds the villagers in the utmost distress, from a fire which had just consumed many of their houses. Here his generous nature finds ample room to display itself. Among others, he hires for his footman Solomon Gundy, one of the sufferers, whose profession had been a rat-catcher, but who, being the son of the village schoolmaster, had acquired a smattering of French. Here also Mr. Barford falls in his way, and on hearing of his distress, and of the generous manner in which he rescued a young child from the flames, he offers to relieve him; but his offer being repulsed by the high pride and independent spirit of Mr. Barford, he attempts to relieve him secretly, by thrusting a pocket-book containing £150, into a bundle belonging to Mr. Barford. The pocket-book happened to contain also a letter and a few memorandums, which fully explained to Barford the condition and name of Mr. Torrent, who proves to be the brother of the man who had been the bosom friend of Barford, but who was also his bitterest enemy, by seducing his wife. Mr. Barford served in the army with the friend who betrayed him, and left his wife with an only daughter at Jamaica, where he served. His daughter was

* Tiverton, or Twiford town, the town built on two fords; one over the river Lowman, the other over the Ex. Tiverton near Bath, is so called from the same cause.

intrusted

intrusted to the care of another friend, who brought her to England; but who on his arrival being suddenly forced away by a press gang, was unable farther to protect the young lady, of whom he became enamoured. Her forlorn state led her to lodge at the house of Old Skirt, a remnant seller, who endeavoured to find her a situation through the means of an advertisement in the newspapers. Her piteous case caught the eye of Mr. Torrent, and he ordered his agent to hire her as his housekeeper. Her good friend Old Skirt accompanies her to Yorkshire, but quits her about a mile from her destination. She however mistakes the house for which she was destined, and goes to one intended for a Lord Alamode, where she meets with an Irish Baronet, Sir Lawrence, who having lost his estate at play, comes down to Yorkshire to secrete himself from his creditors. Out of this mistake of Miss Fanny arise the principal incidents, the business, and the interest of the play. Her father, Captain Delamere, who discovers she is in the country, suspects Mr. Torrent of dishonourable intentions towards her, which the other resents, and joins with Captain Delamere in anxious search for his daughter, who is found by her father, and by the friend who conducted her home, and who is finally united to her.

Mr. Colman has constructed a very entertaining, interesting, and instructive drama, upon these slender materials. Perhaps scarcely any of the characters can altogether pretend to novelty; but many of them are distinguished by strong original features, and exhibit the human heart in a striking variety of lights. The character of Barford, or Captain Delamere, borders on misanthropy, but a misanthropy arising not from moroseness, but a high principled mind, indignant at the baseness and perfidy of his fellow-creatures. It exhibits the noblest sentiments of stern independence, and honourable pride, and by whom could such sentiments be better embodied and enforced than by Mr. Kemble. Lewis had every thing that was happily characteristic of the Irish Baronet; but there was nothing new in the character. The whole comic effect of the piece, which certainly contains a very rich vein of humour, was produced by the characters performed by Munden, Fawcett, Emery, and Simmons, who have done them every possible justice. The parts of Fawcett and Simmons were by far the most ludicrous, the one from a continual anxiety to display his knowledge of French, and of high sounding words, which he mars by frequent absurd misapplications; the other by a whimsical equivoque, arising from the double capacity in which he is placed with Mr. Torrent, who imagines him to be a surveyor sent from London to improve his estate, while he thinks he is only known in his trade of a remnant dealer. This equivoque proves an overflowing source of wit and punning, but loses perhaps much of its effect by being too long drawn out. The dialogue, in general, is very neat and appropriate, it abounds in curious comparisons, in pointed repartee, and felicitous puns. Some of the latter are, however, too far fetched. There is much to praise in the vigour and refinement of the sentiments, and in the purity of the moral—although, attending to *double entendre*, here and there betrayed the author into some indelicate allusions and expressions, which were suddenly seized upon and loudly censured.

Indeed

Indeed they seemed to have drawn down the whole of what censure was expressed by the house, but they can easily be suppressed. The first acts are evidently the best; the fourth and fifth languished too much; perhaps the incident of the child's relieving the forlorn wanderer, though interesting in itself, might be altogether omitted, and with other judicious curtailments, tend to shorten the performance, which is now much too long and tedious. It did not conclude till ten o'clock.

The Prologue and Epilogue contain some good points. They were well delivered by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Mattocks. When the piece was given out for a second representation, there was for a time a mixture of murmurs and applause; but the applause at length decidedly prevailed. The house was uncommonly full.

AGGRESSION;
OR,
THE HEROINE OF YUCATON.

Covent-Garden, Theatre.

AFTER the tragedy of George Barnwell, this new grand spectacle was represented.

CHARACTERS.

Admiral	Mr. Taylor.
Capt. Britton	Mr. Farley.
Cockswain	Mr. King.
Capitanio Sanguinoso	Mr. Bologna, jun.
Olindus, American Chief	Mr. Dubois.
Zulma, Son of Chief	Master Horrebow
Neptune	Mr. Cresswell.
Britannia	Mrs. Humphries.
Fanny	Miss Davies.
Captain's Lady	Miss Searle.
Merida, Wife of Chief	Mrs. St. Leger.

The piece opens with a view of the harbour of Ferrol, and waggons are next seen passing with subsidies to France. English vessels, captured by the French, are suffered to come into the port of Ferrol by the Spanish Governor, and French troops are seen marching through Spain, which is considered as the act of Aggression. The scene next changes to a grotto, forming Neptune's palace. Neptune rises out of the waves, and, by his power, parts of the grotto open, and shew Britannia seated under Dover cliffs, looking towards Bologne.

NEPTUNE THEN ADDRESSES BRITANNIA.

Genius of Albion rise, and watch no more
The pent-up boasters of the Gallic shore;
Let them approach, and shou'd they dare the fight,
Each self-arm'd Briton will assert his right.
While thou to Spain shall turn thy vengeful eye,
Whose pompous Chiefs thy hardy sons defy;
The Spanish Prince has sworn thy fame's decrease,
And threatens slaughter in the name of Peace.

BRITANNIA REPLIES.

Britannia thanks thee, partner of her reign,
O'er commerce and the glories of the main;
Yes, on thy wave my gallant sons shall go,
And once more teach the often-baffled foe
(While France, by fraud and fear, may Spain subdue)
That Albion to her honour will be true;
Will ever on her native strength rely,
And to each threat, in thunders loud reply.

Neptune and Britannia disappear, and the scene changes to a chamber, with a portrait of his Majesty,

Majesty, and several renowned British heroes.

The next scene changes to the ocean; the Albion at anchor, Captain Britton and crew go on board, and the Admiral gives orders to the Captain. The first act concludes with a view of the Spanish coast at night—engagement between two Spanish frigates and one English—the Albion—which ends to the honour of the British flag.

The second act opens with a scene in South America, near the sea. Olindus and natives at their sports—the wreck of English and Spanish vessels—the unexpected meeting of Captain Britton, and the kindness of the natives to the English. Scene changes to the inside of a hut—Olindus' and Merida's continued kindness towards the Captain and his Lady. Zulma, son of the Chief, returns from his sports; the preservation of the Cockswain, and meeting with his Captain—they go in search of the Spaniards, who are wrecked.

The Spaniards are conducted to the dwellings of the natives—Spanish Captain's love for the English lady—his resolution to carry her away—the struggle with the Chief—his death by the hand of the Spaniard—Merida displays her heroism.

The combat next ensues between Merida and the Spaniard—the miraculous preservation of Zulma by an animal of South America called the Conguar.

The natives are led on to battle by Merida and the English Captain.

A general battle with the Spaniards, natives, &c. takes place—which terminates in the entire destruction of the Spaniards; and the piece, which was favourably received, concludes.

PUGILISM.

On Monday April 1, a pitched battle was fought at Islington-bottom, between Mich. Brady and Mich. Ryan, pugilists of little note. Brady staked twenty guineas to ten, and at eleven o'clock in the morning the combatants, with their seconds, Tom Jones and Dick Weale for Brady, and R. Coady and Coly for Ryan, entered the ring. At setting to the bets were very much against Ryan, who appeared to have considerably the advantage in strength. Brady, before they had fought five minutes, left his opponent no hopes of success, but he received a hard blow in the fourth round, from which he laboured under a momentary disadvantage. He however fought with redoubled vigour after he had recovered his wind, and he beat Ryan completely out of the ring, in less than twenty minutes. The assemblage of spectators was unusually thin, for they had assembled at Kilburn, expecting the fight to have taken place there.

On Saturday morning, April 13, a battle was fought in Paddington-fields, between George Wheeler, of some note, and Jeff. Harris, a wheelwright. They were well matched, and the first ten rounds were fought in a determined manner. George resigned the contest, after twenty minutes fighting. They left each other marks of very hard blows.

Tuesday, April 16, two men, Warren and Allen, noted bruisers, having engaged to fight for a sum of money, were apprehended by the officers of Whitechapel Office, and held in recognizances to keep the peace; as were also Hazle and Kidman, in Shadwell district.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AN officer of one of the ships at Spithead having occasion to send to his country house in great haste, a few days since, despatched a sailor on horseback with a letter; who, after delivering it, and being refreshed and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return. A by-stander observing to him, that he was putting on the saddle the hind part before, the sailor replied, "*How do you know which way I am going to ride?*"

A LEARNED and witty dissenting minister, not many years deceased, married three wives; the first for her pecuniary advantages; the second on account of her personal charms; and the third, he married in his old age, for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort: she, however, proved a very shrew.—"Well," said the Rev. divine, to a friend, "I have in my time had three wives—the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*!

AN old batchelor, near the Stock Exchange, a few years back, became smitten with a widow in the neighbourhood, who had been left with three children. After some time devoted to the usual forms of courtship, the gentleman married the lady. It frequently happened, when a stranger called at his house, that some of the children were admired, with the addition of "Dear me, Sir, this is a fine child!" His constant reply was—"Yes, Sir, but it is not mine, it is my wife's child." In about a twelvemonth after their marriage, the lady brought him a son, and whenever it chanced to be taken notice of by any gentleman or lady, which was not unfrequently the case, he always took care to remark, in contradiction to his former replies—"Yes, Sir, or Madam, it is a very fine boy, indeed, *but it is not one of my wife's children, this is my own child!*"

NOT long ago, a gentleman having occasion to see a neighbouring friend, called at his house, and was informed he was gone out: to save the trouble of calling again, he expressed a wish to see the mistress, but she also was gone out. That no time might be lost, he requested to see the young master, but he, likewise, was gone out. Wishing, however, not to go without accomplishing his business, on saying he would then walk in, and sit by the fire till one of them returned, was told by Pat, "Indeed, Sir, you *kan't*, for *that too* is gone out!"

THE following advertisement is copied from the Alexandria Daily Advertiser.—"Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present—and, as it may be attended with some little inconvenience getting over the palings, the gate is left unfastened for their accommodation.

S. SWIFT.

A GENTLEMAN telling an auctioneer lately, that he wanted him to sell a considerable quantity of timber which he had cut down, the latter replied—"There was no occasion, Sir, for your *felling* the trees, I can *knock down* a whole forest by a *single stroke of my hammer.*"

A HUMOROUS bookseller, at the west end of the town, being asked lately by a gentleman, if there was any new publication on the Continent, replied—Bonaparte is publishing a new *edition* of the *invasion.*"

ALTHOUGH Lord Melville was never addicted to the turf, he has had, for many years, one of the fastest *Trotters* in the kingdom.

THE horse-dealers at present traffic in nothing but *Gallopers*, as a fast-going *Trotter* is no longer a recommendation.

A SCOTCHMAN and Irishman, conversing in the street respecting the delinquency of a late Paymaster, the former said, "that his countryman stood on firm ground!" "Perhaps he may," replied Pat, simply, "for, thank Heaven! he is no *bog-trotter.*"

TWO Mr. Moneys were recently married at Calcutta. In these cases, what promises in general so little of matrimonial happiness, was exactly what was the most desirable qualification of both the ladies —the love of *Money*.

A CORRESPONDENT, just arrived from Lilliput, desires us to announce, that a comic Roscius five years old, a young Orpheus, an infant Vestris, a second Jordan only eighteen inches high, and a sucking Melpomene, will appear in the course of a few months. He adds that, according to the calculations in different nurseries, seven Garricks, fifteen Kembles, twelve Siddonses, nine-and-forty Cookes, three Brahams, and six Incledons, will be ready to start before the next winter.

SOME of our most respectable London four-pounders are a little alarmed at the accounts given in the French papers of the exploits of Parisian feasting, where the *ci-devant soup-meigre* swallowers are represented as devouring a portico of the Temple of Ephesus, half Cleopatra's needle, the top of Trojan's column, and a leg of the Colossus of Rhodes, at one repast. One or two distinguished trencher-men have proposed a new system of table-luxury, and suggested to an eminent cook to give them an opportunity of manifesting their abilities at table, by devouring *Bread*-street, *Billings-gate*, and the *Poultry*, with a due proportion of *Green-lettuce*-lane, and *Garlick*-hill, as side-dishes.

SHIP news extraordinary!—Accounts have been recently received of the *loss* of the *Lovely Duchess*, valuably laden, on the *Faro* di Messina, owing to some *sunken rocks* and *shoals*, not laid down in the charts. The loss is estimated at several hundred thousand pounds.—She was *pillaged* on going on shore, principally by some *Greeks*, who composed part of the *crew*. As her loss was owing to her not steering the *proper course*, the *principal underwriter* means to dispute the payment.

CAPT. W— of the Royal Navy, lately contrived to cut out a fine rich firigate from her moorings in *Barnes Green* Bay, called the *Jewess*: she is expected to prove a rich prize to the dashing captor.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the last Malton Shew, horses of *good age* were so scarce, that there were more dealers than horses; and the wants of the country are such, that the young stock is bought up before they are fit for use.

THE Brookside hounds lately unkennelled a bitch fox in the Plashet Park, Sussex, and, after a short chase, killed her on Mount Caburn. The poor animal must have been very near her time of littering, as six cubs were taken alive from her that barked on being handled.

The dog fox in the same place has been twice hunted by the same hounds; but renard's wily course both times favoured his escape; and to avoid any further annoyance from this well-scented pack, his subtility will probably lead him to shift his quarters, in the neighbourhood of which he is charged with many depredations.

AT the Malton Craven Meeting, on the Wednesday immediately after the horses had started for the second heat of a fifty-pound race, Mr. Robson's colt, which was rode by J. Midgley, leaped over the cords, when, by the resolution of the boy's first attempt to bring him back, he broke down a post; and in the next attempt, the colt fell upon another post, which crushed his rider in so dreadful a manner, that he died the next day.

COCKING.—Lister, though beaten at York, is the favourite in London for the long main; and at York Mr. Mellish is the favourite against Sir Francis Boynton for the main in the Spring Meeting.

Tuesday and Wednesday the main of cocks was fought near the George Inn, in Winchester, between the Gentlemen of Highbridge and Fareham, for twenty guineas the battle, and one hundred the odd, which was won by the latter. The ordinaries were well served and fully attended each day.

ON Tuesday the 16th, an otter that had been caught at Henfield, Sussex, was hunted by the Ditchling hounds, in a small pond of water, near this town, round which some hundreds of spectators were assembled in expectation of sport; but they were sadly disappointed, owing to the narrow limits to which the poor animal was confined. After being shockingly worried by bipeds and quadrupeds for about an hour, he was taken up alive, but so exhausted and bitten, that on being exhibited again for sport the next day, he made no effort to defend himself in the water, and was in consequence soon torn to pieces by the dogs.

ON Monday the 22d, a great concourse of people, including several gentlemen, assembled at nine o'clock, in Hyde Park, to witness a running match between Brown, the boot-closer, and the Earl of Dorchester's coachman. The distance was one hundred yards; and the sum staked, twenty guineas. Brown gave his competitor three yards, and the odds were at first seven to four, and latterly two to one in his favour. He was, however,

ever, beaten by the coachman, who ran it in thirty seconds, and won the race by nearly a yard and a half. This is the fifth race won by the coachman within a short time, and the first time Brown has been beaten. The coachman is a short clumsy figure, about forty years of age. He objects to run a greater distance than 100 yards.

Two stable-keepers, of the names of Heatherington and Packer, were indicted, by a man named King, who was by nature a black, and by profession a shoe-black, at Westminster Sessions, on Saturday, April 20, for an assault. It seems that the sooty prosecutor was a staunch partisan of Mr. Mainwaring, and frequently appeared at the door of his house in Swallow-street, indicating his partiality for that gentleman; in consequence of which the opposite party threw dead dogs and cats at him. The prosecutor insisted that the two defendants were not only active in this warfare, but porsonally assaulted him. It was proved, however, that King used to dress himself fantastically with the favours of the Court Candidate, and that he constantly created a mob, some of whom occasionally exploded a few catamarans against him. It appeared, also, that he had challenged a black man of his acquaintance to fight, for no other reason than his being a Burdettite; and that the seconds, who encouraged the joke, loaded the pistols with gunpowder and blood. The jury instantly acquitted the defendants.

Female Play.—The whole fashionable world is absorbed in the discovery of the immense losses of the Duchess of——, at play, principally to gamesters of her own sex, and some of nearly her own rank and distinction. Her Grace's whole loss, chiefly at faro, amounts to £176,000, of which a *private gentlewoman* and *bosom friend*, Mrs.—, is said to have won no less than £30,000. The discovery was made to the duke on Sunday last; the duchess rush'd into his library, and, in a flood of tears, told him she was ruined in fame and reputation, if these claims of honour were not instantly discharged. His grace was thunderstruck when he learned the extent of her requisition, and the names of the female friends who had contributed in so extraordinary a manner to such extreme embarrassments. Having soothed her in the best manner he was able, he sent for two confidential friends, imparted to them all the circumstances, and asked them how he should act—Their answer was promptly given—"Pay not one guinea of any such infamous demands!" and this advice, it is supposed, will be strictly adhered to by the duke. Her grace is said to have executed some bonds, to satisfy, for a moment, these gambling claimants; but, of course they can be of no avail.—Two gentlemen and five ladies formed the snug *flock* of *rooks*, that have so unmercifully stripped this *female* pidgeon of distinction.—*Morning Herald.*——After the above circumstantial account, our readers will not be a little surprised when told that the following, in direct contradiction to the above, appeared in the same paper, a few days afterwards—The *fiction* of the *female gamblers* of distinction in a house fitted up near St. James's-street, for their ruinous orgies, begin to die away: for it is now found out, that the supposed *pidgeoned duchess*, who thus sacrificed half a million sterling of her lord's fortune, never risqued the smallest portion of it at any

any game, and that her *amiable* companion, who is a pattern of domestic propriety, instead of helping to *pluck* her grace, never played for a guinea in the course of her life!

Epping Hunt.—At half after twelve on Easter Monday, a fine stag, that has been hunted for the last four seasons, was conveyed in a covered cart to a hollow place, about half a mile from the Ball-faced Stag, where he was let loose. The hounds were in waiting at a short distance off; and the stag was closely pursued as far as Woodford; when, finding himself pressed, he doubled, and nearly retraced his own steps. This afforded great entertainment to a very numerous set of spectators. The stag eluded the grasp of his pursuers for some time, by running through the close part of the wood, but was at length taken, after a chase of upwards of two hours, being then very much exhausted, with the hounds close at his haunches.

Very few were in at the death, as the deer traversed through such a thick part of the wood that the horsemen could not well follow; in consequence of this, perhaps, there were fewer horsemen dismounted than usually happens on that day.

One of our most celebrated whips, Charles Buxton, Esq. has lately concluded a bet of 500 guineas, with Mr. Thomas Hall, the dealer in horses. The object of the wager is to decide which of the two is the best driver of four unruly horses. The wager is to be decided by two friends of the parties; who are to pick out eight horses from Spencer's, Marsden's, and White's.—Lords Barrymore and Cranley are chosen as the umpires. The horses selected are only to be those which have not been broken in. The friend of each charioteer is to pick the horses alternately, until the number agreed on is selected. The parties are then to mount the box, and proceed to decide the wager.—The bettings already are said to be considerable. Neither the scene of action, nor the day when the contest is to take place, are yet determined on. Mr. Buxton is said to be so certain of success, that he has offered to double the bet.

The beginning of this month, a very serious loss was sustained by Mr. Giles, of Thrale Farm, Streatham. This gentleman has been for many years collecting the most beautiful of the foreign song birds, which he intermixed with the native songsters of the island, and kept the whole within an aviary fashioned for that purpose. This place, however, being occasionally warmed by flues, whenever any sudden change from heat to cold took place, the person whose business it was to attend to that circumstance by accident or negligence left the flues on Friday last unattended, and the whole collection was suffocated and destroyed. It is supposed that some thousands have been expended in procuring the birds. The collection was considered to be the finest in the kingdom.

Monday, April 15, a scientific pitched battle, for twenty-five guineas, was fought in Islington fields, between a copper-plate engraver, of the name of Willis, and Caleb Harding, a horse-dealer. The parties are men of property. A dispute arose respecting a horse sold to Willis by his antagonist. They at length agreed that the horse should be returned, and that the sum about to be given should be decided by the pugilistic art. Caleb is a known pugilist, and Willis a pupil

pupil of Tom Jones, but never before tried. They set to eagerly. After they had continued the contest with a determined spirit, for twenty minutes, Willis's strength failed him, and the odds were in favour of Harding, who, however, was severely beaten. The ring was at this time broken by the friends of Willis, in order, as it was supposed, to give him time to recover his strength. The expedient had the desired effect; for he met his man afterwards with redoubled vigour; when the horse-dealer, after the battle had lasted half an hour, was beaten nearly to a mummy, and, in the *kiddy* phrase, had both his eyes closed up.

On Saturday the 27th inst. three pitched battles were fought on Sheperton Common, near Chertsey, in the county of Surry. Notwithstanding the distance from town, an immense concourse of people were present, many of whom were distinguished amateurs. The first pair who entered the lists were the Game Chicken, and Cart, a noted Birmingham man. The combatants fought for a purse of 50 guineas: the battle lasted thirty minutes, during which twenty-five severe rounds were fought. The Chicken evinced, throughout the contest, the most consummate skill and science, and was declared the victor, without having experienced so much as a scratched face. Cart is a powerful and athletic man, but proved himself a complete novice in the art.—Tom Belcher and Jack O'Donnel were the next that set to, for a purse of twenty guineas. The former displayed great dexterity and knowledge in the pugilistic art, and gave many admirable proofs of his excellent bottom: the latter likewise fought in a most gallant manner for a few rounds; but, towards the termination of the battle, which lasted fifteen rounds, he, according to the boxing phrase, shewed the *white feather* and *gave in*, when it was supposed he had the best of it. The business of the day concluded about three o'clock, with a battle between Dutch Sam and Brittain, a Bristol man, once an opponent of Belcher. A more gallant battle than this is not recorded in the annals of pugilism. The odds changed on each side alternately during the contest. Dutch Sam, however, was declared conqueror, after fighting thirty rounds, in such a style as had not been equalled since the fighting days of Dan Mendoza.

A gentleman, who not long since brought home with him from the East a sum of money amounting to two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, is stated to have lately lost the whole of it at the gaming-table. A friend remarking to him on the folly of his proceeding—he replied "d—n it, never mind, it is only another seven years voyage!"

A reprieve was received by the Under Sheriff of Norfolk for six poachers, who were capitally convicted at the last Thetford Assizes, of firing at the gamekeepers of Lord Sheffield. All of them have wives, and among them 20 children.

A fellow who goes about the streets of the metropolis balancing a large pole, was lately entertaining the multitude in St. George's Fields, when, having lost the balance, while conveying the huge piece of wood from his forehead to his chin, it slipped off his hand into his mouth, and drove in several of his front teeth; at the same time falling among the crowd, laid a number of his admirers sprawling: others, thinking he had let the pole fall by design, attacked him in a body, and beat him most unmercifully.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MINTON,

In the character of Goldfinch—Thespian private Theatre—Mary-le-Bone.

SINCE I've personify'd and play'd the man,
'Tis your's to praise, or disapprove my plan;
A love of pow'r, that female pride bewitches,
I own, first tempted me to wear the breeches:
And shew me any sprightly married dame,
That would not give the world to do the same!
Such a gay spirit ev'ry wife enables
On her proud lordly inmate to turn the tables.
Thus metamorphos'd, both in dress and manners,
And fairly listed under freedom's banners,
We'll shew those heroes, who our rights condemn,
That we can rule the reins, and govern them;
For in gay Goldfinch, while I had my sport,
I thought no modern beau was more the sort;
Conceiv'd myself a charming dashing blade,
A man of ton—eh, dam'me! who's afraid?
In public places, fit to shine and sport,
With beauty's charms to flirt and pay my court;
Through the box-lobby, mellow, blythe, and reeling,
I'll shew my wit and sentimental feeling;
Out-roar the play'rs in dialogue and singing,
And hear my voice through all the boxes ringing.
A 'nt this delighful, frolicksome, and smart,
Enough to conquer any woman's heart?
With cash and spirit for the world's career,
I'll have my name in all the clubs appear;
At whist, and faro, I'll my shiners stake,
And seven's the main shall through the dice-box shake.
Then how I'll sport my curricle and ponies,
Drive out *ma chere amie*, or friendly cronies;
I'll shake my noddle, and I'll crack my lash,
Geeho my nags, through thick and thin to dash.
In coat with seven-fold cape, and coachman's art,
'Gainst ev'ry driver in the town I'll start,
Taking the air through smoke and dirty streets,
One is so happy at the crowd one meets;
Whirl'd here and there, nor posts nor people heeding,
For that's your sort—and shews your sense and breeding.
If such a life can give the men renown,
Women may rival every rake in town;
But, what a contrast to that warlike host,
Volunteer guardians of our threaten'd coast,
Who, fondly tempted by Bellona's charms,
For that gay mistress leave our peaceful arms;
Yet, though like roving blades, they hug brown Bess,
They'll never love their charming wives the less.

Hail, glorious men, our champions, and our pride,
In whom your country and our sex confide;
Our love and friendship you shall ever share,
None but the brave, you know, deserve the fair.

THE YELLOW FEVER;
OR,
SAM SHAKESHANK's JOURNEY TO LONDON.

SAM SHAKESHANK set off, to see London, 'tis said,
From the village where life at first found him;
And as Sam was suppos'd to be cute in the head,
When return'd, all the rustics flock'd round him.

All the novelties new, and the rarities rare,
Which Sam had in London been viewing,
They begg'd he'd describe, that his cronies might share
In the tale of what Cocknies were doing.

Sam Shakeshank replied, "Why you see, as for that,
I can quickly explain the whole story;
For at my tongue's end I still have it quite pat,
But there's nought about whig, or 'bout tory.

"For, ecod, as I enter'd Whitechapel's wide road,
I star'd first at this, then at t'other;
And I found myself swell with conceit, like a toad,
Such a sight ne'er saw feather nor mother.

"At the inn where I stopp'd, all the gateway was stuck
Full of bills, of all sorts and all sizes;
Young Roscius in London—and lottery luck—
And, i'faith, such a list of large prizes!

"And you know I can read pretty well off o'hand,
So I gap'd up and down before dinner;
But, Lord, there was one put me quite at a stand,
'Twould have startled a much older sinner.

"In large letters behold—YELLOW FEVER—appear'd,
My hair at these words began rising;
NUMBER FORTY came next, CHARING CROSS closed the rear,
So you can't think my fright was surprising.

"I thought of Gibraltar, and shudder'd with fear,
And, as I am not a great glutton,
When I found such a catching disorder so near,
Thinks I—I'll not wait for the mutton.

"So I turn'd on my heel, and came back as I went,
Leaving town with more speed than I enter'd.
This is all that I know—though I don't much repent,
That to Whitechapel Church I have ventur'd.

J. M. L.

LINES

Supposed to be spoken by the President of the Ugly Club, at Charlestown, in America, on the occasion of two new Members being proposed.

PERMIT me, Gentlemen, to say,
As beauty here is scouted,
Whilst ugliness alone has sway,
And gracefulness is routed:

Two persons form'd to suit our plan,
Are now propos'd as members,
Whose noble faces, when you scan,
Will fan of mirth the embers.

Beneath his nose one seems to bend,
A handle great and glowing;
The other wants that useful friend;
No nose at all, Sirs, shewing.

Your

Your votes for Mr. Snufflesnout,
And Mr. Nihilnosen,
Pray give—then sing, with merry shout,
Hail ugly brothers chosen.

SONG.

HUNTING, LOVE, AND WINE.

SAY, what is wealth without delight,
'Tis dross, 'tis dirt, 'tis useless quite,
Better be poor, and taste of joy,
Than thus your wasted time employ.

CHORUS.

Then let a humble son of song,
Repeat those pleasures most divine;
The joys that life's best hours prolong,
Are those of hunting, love, and wine.

For hunting gives us jocund health,
We envy not the miser's wealth,
But chase the fox, or timid hare,
And know delight he cannot share.

CHORUS.

Then home at eve we cheerly go,
Whilst round us brightest comforts shine;
With joy shut in, we shut out woe,
And sing of hunting, love, and wine.

Mild love attunes the soul to peace,
And bids the toiling sportsman cease;
This softer passion's pleasing pow'rs,
With bliss ecstatic wings the hours.

CHORUS.

It sooths the mind to sweetest rest,
Or savage thoughts might there entwine;
Thus he alone is truly blest,
Whose joys are hunting, love and wine.

'Tis wine exhilirates the heart,
When sinking under sorrow's smart;
'Tis that can ease the wretch's woe,
And heighten ev'ry bliss we know:

CHORUS.

But wine's abuse makes man a beast;
Be all with moderation mine:
Life will appear one endless feast,
While blest with hunting, love, and wine.

J. M. L.

MR. PRINTER,

The following Verses were sent by a parish-clerk to a clergyman's lady of my acquaintance, in return for a Christmas entertainment which the clergyman always gives to his clerks, and to some of their friends. The poet himself has the misfortune of being deaf, but is—for deafness is now no impediment—a very great musician. To gratify him in that, his second passion, the lady had made him sit down and fix his ear-trumpet on the sound-board of the piano-forte. A farther illustration of this enchanting poem is unnecessary. Yours, A. B. C.

HONNORED Madam I have send
These here few lines that I have pend
To let you know what have been done
By Master ****** and you alone

We all did come I do protest
For to partake of your feast
And so we did its very true
On good rost beef and puding to

A Rib of beef waid twenty pound
A leg of motten round and sound
And there was than the nicest ham
As Ever I had in my han

Twas nice good puding I declare
And I believe I had my share
And I believe you did not lock it
For I had sum put in my pocket

And we had Beer and twas not Skenty
And Every thing was very plenty
And after I blow'd out my knoze
The Maidens put on their clean cloaths.

Then after we had sup'd and all
We was admited into hall
And their I heard the sweetest sound
Then Madam ask me to sit down

Then Madam play'd a tune so Rare
Like Angels singing in the ayre
And sumtimes twas like little birds
And they did sing all with out words

So when the singing all was done
Back to the kichen we did come
And their we sate a little while
Till we at last begun to smile

For

For we had punch made piping hot
And we did drink till twelve oclock
Now we must thank you all of us
For all must come from your purs

I do believe that your feast
Must cost 2 guineas at the least

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

WHO wants a Guinea ?—That's no question at all !
But here's one would puzzle a ninny:
'Mong the high and the low, the great and the small.
Who is it does *not* want a Guinea?

NOBODY.

THE EAGLE.

WHERE gloomy Kilda rears her craggy steep,
And frowns indignant on the angry deep,
High born aloft the beetling cliffs above,
Strong pinion'd soars th 'imperial bird of Jove;
Or, from some hoary crag's aërial brow,
Broods on the briny flood that roars below:
Lord of the desert rock he rules alone,
Nor beast, nor fowl disturb his sea-beat throne;
Ev'n man's superior pow'rs essay in vain
The foam-besilver'd eminence to gain.

C. L. C.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

From various Authors, on Hunting.

(Continued from page 356 of our last.)

1. I WAS with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: for beside the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
2. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dewlapp'd, like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream.

" MAY a poor huntsman—who, with merry heart
And voice shall make the forest ring about him—
Get leave to live among ye? True as steel, boys;
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours;
And, with my quarter staff, though the devil should bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again:
Prick ye the fearful hare, through cross-ways, sheep-walks;
And force the crafty renard; climb the quick-sets;
Rouse the lofty stag, and with my bell horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me;
The polecat, marten, and the rich-skin'd lucern,
I know to chase; the roe, the wind outstripping:
Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay; and the wild sounder
Singly, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him
Till he fall down my feast.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Brush.

(To be continued.)